Ciceronis Amor.

Tullies Loue.

Wherein is diſcourſed, the prime of *Ciceroes youth, ſetting out in liuely Portraitures,* how young Gentlemen, that ayme at Honor, ſhould leuell the end of their affections, holding the loue of Country & Friends *in more eſteeme, then thoſe fading bloſſomes of Beauty, that onely feede the curious ſuruey of the eye.*

A worke full of pleaſure, as following *Ciceroes* vaine, who was as conceited in his youth, as graue in his age; profitable, as containing precepts worthy ſo famous an Orator.

Robert Greene. In artibus magiſter.

Omne tulit punctum qui miſcuit vtile dulci.

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235—12

To the right honorable, Ferdinando *Stanley, Lord Strange, ennobled with all* Titles that Honor may affoord, or Vertue challenge, Robert Greene wisheth encrease of vertuous and Lordly resolutions.

THE *Tripos* (right Honourable) ingrauen with *detur sapienti*, was by the Oracle allotted to *Socrates*, *Achilles* shielde maintained with the sworde, fell to *Vlysses* for his wisedome; *Palias* had her Librarie, and her Launce: and such as reade *Non vltra* on *Hercules* Pillers, poynted out the Characters with their Speares. Proportion the mother of Geometry, and Mistris of Artes, commaunds that *Hector* haue his honors, *Alcides* his glories: & that *Olympus* be neuer without bright glittering armour, nor greene wreathed Garlands, as well to grace the souldier, as to glory the Poet.

This considered (right Honorable) hauing doone my endeuour to penne downe the loues of *Cicero*, which *Plutarch*, and *Cornelius Nepos* forgote in theyr writings: I presumed to present vnto your Honour, not high written Poems, as *Maro* did to *Augustus*, but the fruites of well intended thoughts, as *Callymachus* scholler did to *Alexander*, thinking nothing rare or view woorthy, sufficiently patronaged, vnlesse shrowded vnder the protection of so honorable a Mecenas. Whatsoeuer was pleaded in *Rostro*, was not penned by *Hortensius*, and yet the Senators heard and gaue plausible censures. *Homer* spent verses, as well on *Irus* the begger, as *Eurymachus* the wooer.

The Epiſtle.

Euery ſentence cannot *Cleanthis lucerna molere*, and yet men will reade Poems, and prayſe them. Then (right Honorable) if my worke, treating of *Cicero*, ſeeme not fit for *Cicero*, as eclipſing the beauteous ſhew of his eloquence, with a harſh and vnpolliſhed ſtile, yet I craue that your Honour will vouch of it, onely for that it is written of *Cicero*. *Ennius* labored as hard in his rough Poeſies, as *Virgil* in his high Poems. *Phidias* penſil (in his owne conceit) was as ſharpe pointed, as *Pigmaleons* chafing tooles: meane wits, in their follies, haue equall paines with learned Clarks in their fancies. *Apollo* yeelded Oracles, aſwell to poore men for theyr prayers, as to Princes for theyr preſents. Starres haue theyr lights, and haires their ſhadowes. Meane Schollers haue high thoughts, though lowe fortunes. Thus perſwaded & emboldened (right Honorable) I preſent this Pamphlet of *Ciceroes* loues to your Lordſhippe, reſolued vpon your courteous acceptance, that weighing the mind, not the matter, your Honor will ſay, if not *Bucephalus*, yet a horſe. And in this hope reſting, I wiſh to your Lordſhyp, as much health and happines, as your Honor can deſire, or I imagine.

Your Lordſhips humbly deuoted

Robert Greene.

To the gentle Readers health.

Entlemen, I haue written of *Tullies Loue*, a worke attempted to winne your fauours, but to diſcouer mine own ignorance, in that, coueting to counterfet *Tullies* phraſe, I haue loſt my ſelfe in vnproper words: but hoping (as euer I haue done) of your courteſies, I haue, like bolde Bayard, put my head out of the ſtable. If my method bee worſe then it was wont to be, thinke that skill in Muſicke marrd all: For the cliffe was ſo diſſonant from my note, that wee could not clap a concorde together by fiue markes. *Chiron* the Sagitarie was but a fained conceipt, and men that beare great ſhapes, and large ſhadowes, and haue no good, nor honeſt mindes, are like the portraiture of *Hercules*, drawne vpon the ſands. If I ſpeake myſtically, thinke tis muſically, and ſo deſiring that you vvill take *Tullies Loue*, as penned for your pleaſure, I bid you farewell.

Robert Greene.

Ad Lectorem Hexaſticon.

IN lucem prodit tenebris exuta malignis
Romelei petulans, vaſanáq; flammula Phœbi:
Rorantem Authori (Lectores) ſpargite florem,
Intyba, Narciſſos, Latacen, pictiq; roſeti
Dulces diuitias: Illum concingite laurn:
Eſnerito ſolers induſtria reddat honorem.

Tho: Watſon. Oxon.

Ad lectorem de Ciceronis amore, Hexaſticon.

MIraris fortaſſe legens Ciceronis amorem?
Deſine mirari, qui bene ſcribit, amat.
Crimen ineſſe putas? ſemel inſaniuimus omnes,
Quæ faciunt iuuenes, condoluere ſenes.
Linguam qui laudat Ciceronis, laudet amorem,
Greni ſolus honor, ſit Ciceronis amor.

G. B. Cantabrigienſis.

VArro and Tucca wrote of Maroes verſe,
And Dares darde to tell of Homers skill,
Of Ouids workes Latins haue made reherſe,
And Poets haue diſcourſt of Pindars quill,
Many haue writ Coſmographie of lands,
And told of Gihon, and of Tagus ſands:
Of Helens beautie, and of Ledaes hew,
The winged fancies of the learnd haue told:
But of the prowdeſt Poets old or new,
Who darde ſweet Tullies fancies once vnfold?
As farre too high for all that yet haue beene,
Then giue the Palme and glory vnto Greene.

Thomas Burneby Eſquire.

NOw bloomes and bloſſoms of fayre Adons flower,
Cupid is ſtolne from Pathos ſecret ſhrine,
Diana lurkes, ſhe and her Nymphs doe lower,
Bacchus that tempers ſacred Loue with wine,
Ceres, and all the Gods haue made agree,
That Loue is God, and there is none but hee.
The Poems wanton Ouid ſet in verſe,
His Art of Loue that baniſht him from Rome,
Did neuer ſuch quaint Amorets reherſe,
As are deſciphered vnder Tullies doome.
Whoſe Romane phraſe fetcht from Parnaſſus hill,
Sayes, none but Tully in the depth of skill.

Edward Rainsford Eſquire.

Tullies Loue.

THere dwelled in the Cittie of Rome, being metropolitane of ỹ world, famous as well for martiall Champions, as delicate for beautifull Ladies, a Conſull called Flaminius, made glorious by Fortune, as hauing twiſe rode in the triumphing chariot, and worne the Lawrell wreath, giuen as a Palme to ſuch as haue bene happie for many great victories. This Conſull famous in the Common wealth for his martiall erploites, Fortune whoſe conceite reſts in extreames, either too prodigall in her fauours, or preiudiciall in her frownes, to make this man the miracle of her deitie, lent him one onely Daughter, of ſuch excellent exquiſite perfection, as Nature in her ſeemed to wonder at her owne workes. Her haire was like the ſhine of Apollo, when ſhaking his glorious treſſes hee makes the worlde beauteous with his brightneſſe. The Iuorie of her face ouer dasht with a vermillion die, ſeemed like the bluſh that leapt from Endimions cheekes, when Cynthia courts him on the Hilles of Latmos. So did the proportion of her bodie aunſwere to the perfection of the minde, and the honour of her thoughts ſo fitted to the glory of her fauours, as it reſted doubtfull whether her outward beauties, or inward vertues held ſupremacie. In ſo much, that as men flocke to Delphos, to heare the Oracles of Apollo, ſo diuers reſort to Rome to take view of the excellencie of Terentia: who once delighted with the ſight of her grace, ſet downe this as an Axiome, that Pallas the Patroneſſe of Troy for wiſedome, or Venus the wonder of heauen for beautie, might not diſgrace the dignities of this gorgeous Damoſell. Rome ſwelling with

the pride of this matchlesse Virgine, whose thoughts were more humble then her face beautifull: and yet the Painters of that time feared to attempt her portraiture, as finding the perfection of nature to exceede the proportion of Art, made her the Mistresse of their vestals, as one that counted fancie as vnfit for a maide, as Alexander cowardize for a souldier. Cupid sitting on his mothers knee by the fount of Alcydalion, seeing how Terentia, enimy to his amorous philosophy, set loue at so light esteeme, and for a charme against his magicall inchauntments, carried the euer burning fire of Vesta in her breast, clasping his mother wantonly about the neck he began thus to prattle. Seeing mother, wee haue left the places of our accustomed residence, to auoyd the troups of such sutors, as onely end their loues with their liues, and haue stolne to the secret fount here a while, to be solitary, to weare away the time with some conceited chat. I pray you tell mee whereof are womens harts made: I aske the question mother, for that I finde the distinction of their fancies like the difference of their faces, which as they be distinguisht in proportion, so they be altogether vnlike in properties. Venus hearing her sonne make such a waggish demaund, began thus to reply. Some say, my boy, of the liuer of a Camelion, whose nature is to be changeable in hues, and women as variable in their thoughts. Others of a pyrit stone, which handled softly, is as cold as ice, but pressed betweene the fingers, burneth like fire: they which infer this comparison, say that women brooke not fauourable perswasions, nor may be wonne by intreaties, but the ready way to kindle them to Desire, is to crosse them with Disdaine. Some say their harts are of Marble, which being hard, yet drops teares against euery storme: Some of waxe that is soft, admitting euery impression, those women haue their loues in their looks, which taken in with a gaze, is thrust out with a winke: some, of Adamant, they be hard harted, and yet men say, the Lapidaries haue tols to pierce them: others of golde, and they be like Danae, that will admit no louer but such as Iupiter. To be briefe, my boy, so many fancies, so many fictions, euery one censuring of womens harts, as

his

his owne experience hath found her froward or fauourable. Cupid hearing his Mother discourse thus cunningly, demaunded amongst all these, whereof was Terentias hart of Rome formed. At this Venus fetching a deepe sigh, prosecuted her former premisses thus. Well wagge, for all you play the wanton, hast thou insight so far into thine enemies thoughts, that thou hast quoted in thy tables, the resolution of Terentia, whom men count more beautiful then my selfe, and more chast then Diana. Her hart, my boy, is framed of the purest Diamond, which, as it is hard to entertaine loue, so it is cleane, fit for the receit of Vertue: I tell thee Cupid, Terentia makes Desire her drudge, and Disdaine her champion: Shee honours all the Gods but thee, and admits all recreations but Loue: She may finish her age with content of patience. The prime of her yeeres are graue, that the fruits of her time may be gracious, and she striues to be as full of honor in her life, as full of fauours in her lookes. To conclude, my boy, shee is Terentia, who sekes with labors to auoid loues, and indeuours to be called as vertuous, as other Ladies amorous. Thus Venus ended with a frowne, and Cupid began with a smile, she scorning at her honors, he studying on reuenge, after a little pause the cholerick boy burst forth into these tearmes: And shall Terentia offer perfumes to Vesta, and hemlock to Venus? shall thee (mother) straw Dianaes lawnes with Roses, and pour pallaces with nettles? shall she set Desire in rags, and Disdane in silkes? No, Cupid hath his boults fethered with ỹ wings of swallowes that flie swift, and his arrowes headed with strong tempered steele, that pierce deepe, like to Achilles launce, that did wound, and heale: my shafts (mother) are of sundry metals, the strongest of them will I aime at Terentia, and if my fortune faile mee not, I will change her songs to sighes, and her chast prayers to amorous passions. And with that, leaping from his mothers lappe, he bent his bow, shot an arrow, and hit Terentia on the hart, but it was of such proofe, as the boult rebounded, and brake into a thousand shiuers. At this Cupid scorned, seeing his deitie counterchect with such constant chastitie: and Venus smiled, see-

ing her sonne in such a rage: which so increased his choller, that hee discharged all his arrowes at randon, careless of his ayme, so he might any way reuenge. Amongst the rest young Lentulus a Romaine Cauelier, vnder whose conduct the Consul sent many Legions to make warre against the Parthians, was one of those vnfortunate men ỳ Cupid had bruised with his arrowes. For hauing fought a set battell, and bought the victory with great losse, fresh supplies were sent him from Rome: Lentulus welcomming his new come souldiers, demaunded what newes: after they had made report of the state of the Common wealth, they then, as a thing miraculous and supernaturall, discoursed to him the excellencie of Terentia, setting out her glories with such emphaticall descriptions, that Lentulus leaning his head on his hand, became a willing auditor to such pleasant philosophy. Smiling thus in the ouer-sweete potions that Loue had tempered like Circes to bewitch the wary and warlike Vlisses, hée caused his souldiers with often repetitions of Terentias beautie, to graft it in the sinews of his new entertained fancies. In the day his head was troubled with thoughts of Terentia: in the night conceit presented ỳ visions of Terentia. Where before he layd plots how to circumuent the Parthians, now he deuised how to cõpasse his passions: loue with him to make light estéeme of war, but growing to bee careless, he gaue his enemies occasion of incouragement. Seeing thus perplexed with vnacquainted fits, he beganne thus souldier-like to debate with himselfe. Haue not the ancient Romaines, whose statues and trophées haue filled the world with wonder of their chiualry, aimde the end of their honors to consist in arms: haue they not fetcht fame frõ the heauens with their swords, and bound her to their fortunes with circumscriptions of blood: haue not their lances pierst oblitiion to the hart, and their martiall déeds registred their names in the chronicles of memory? and yet Lentulus dost thou make light estéeme of war, whose very frownes are honour, and whose fauours immortall glories? Blush at thy thoughts that are so base, and wéepe with Cæsar, that thou hadst not done wonders with Alexander. Thou art elected

by

by the Consuls, as a choice man of Rome, as high prised for thy valour, as thy parentage, and yet thy mother was of the great Æmilij. Thou art sent against the Parthians, a nation warlike and resolute, either to challenge thy graue with thy sworde, or carue out their tombes with thy Courtelaxe. Dareſt thou then Lentulus, amidſt thoſe glorious thoughts of a ſouldier, admit the leaſt paſſion of a Louer? ſhal thy policies, too little for the Parthians, be imployed, in purchaſing Terentia? No Lentulus, drawe thy fawchon, brandiſh it against Rome, and if Loue looke but ouer the walls, menace her with thy martiall weapons: and yet Lentulus, be not ſo ſtoical, as to reiect ſuch a mighty deitie. Haue not the Romans erected a temple nére vnto Campus Martius? Are not Knights dubbed, to defend Ladies? Make they not their Helmes proude with their Miſtris fauours? Mars hath his amours, as he hath his armours. Alexander gloried in his Loues, as he triumphed in his Victories. Great Pompey hath his Iulia, Cæſar his paramour, Souldiers haue loued, & ſo will I. Hauing thus diſcourſed with himſelfe, his hope of the loues, draue ſuch an inuincible courage into his mind that he paſſed not many dayes without giuing battell to the Parthians, in which, getting a glorious victorie, he ſent great treaſure, and many captiues home to Rome, with great interceſſion to the Senate, that he might not winter from his owne Country. The Conſuls glad to fauour him with any reaſonable grant, ſent Lepidus to take his place, & recalled Lentulus home to the Cittie. The fame of whoſe high intended thoughts, his conqueſt inlarged with infinite treaſures, and ritch captiues, made Rome to ring with ecchoes of his matchleſſe excellencie: inſomuch, that paſſing through the ſtrétes to the Capitoll, there to be inueſted with the honors due to his victories, multitudes of Romaines were placed on ſcaffolds, to take view of ſo braue and hardy a captaine, and the gorgeous windowes of the city were ſtuffed with troops of beautifull Ladies, tickled with an earneſt deſire to ſatiſfie their ſights with his perſonage. Paſſing thus in pomp, Iulius Cæſar then being Dictator, after the ſolemne rites and magnificent triumphs were ended, bade him home to din-

ner, where hee feasted him with such royaltie as might beseeme the greatnes of the day, and the highnes of his owne thoughts. Thus flew the fame of Lentulus through Rome, as ỹ wonder of his time, but all those triumphant dignities could not extirpate the melancholy of this Romans thoughts inserted into his minde by the fond inchauntments of loue, but as the wounded Deere wringeth forth teares, and the Mirtle pierced, yeeldeth gumme, so Lentulus after his deepe impression of loue, could affoord nought but sighes and sorrowes. The Gemme of Terentias excellencie reflected in his mind, like an obiect in a Cristall mirrour, that amiddest his most serious affaires, hee found the passions of Loue to be intermedled. Fortune that had tyed her fauours in the top of his Crest, halfe perswaded to becom constant to this warlike Champion, seeing Cupid wrong him without cause, thought with a soueraigne antidote, to preuent the further ensuing preiudices of fancie. Forcing therfore Opportunitie to daunce attendance vpon this her darling, it fell out, that Flaminius the Father of Terentia, seeing how Lentulus was generally feasted of all the Senators in Rome, thought, amongst the rest, to welcome home the warrior with a banket: and therefore meeting him at one Titus Annius Miloes house, he solemnly inuited him home to dinner. Lentulus, as full of curtesie as courage, after great thankes, promised to be his guest. Whereupon Flaminius passing home, made prouision: and Lentulus stealing to his lodging, being solitarie, conceiued such inward ioy at this sweet opportunity, that leaning vpon his left hand, smiling to himselfe, he breathed out these words: Such, I see well, as Mars honors with fauors, Venus will not crosse with frowns: those that conquer in Warres, shal not perish in Loues. Cupid fauours his fathers followers, and such as Fortune smiles on in battel, she laughs on in fancies: I coueted to beare charge against the Parthians, and the Senate elected me Lord of their Legions: Desire wilht me to haue a sight of Terentia, and her Father entertaines me for a guest. I made conquest of mine ennemies with the sword, and why may I not winne Loue with my loyaltie? Feare not Lentulus, these concluded compari-

sons

sons are prodigious, be Augure then to thy selfe, and calculate thy good fortunes by thy thoughts: Loues and Warrs craue courage. Feare not man, for thy intreaties are as mighty, as her denials can be contrary. As thus he was debating within himselfe, the clocke tolde him it was time to go to visite his Host, so that he made himselfe as sumptuous as might be, and at the parting from his chamber dore, hée said thus: If Venus (quoth he) thou fauor me in my loues, I wil become thy vowed seruant in my life: I wil strew thy Altars with Roses, and set thée vp shrines at Paphos. I wil bind vp my temples with Myrtle bowes, and for the martiall garland weare a wreathe of floures, I will haue doues nests in my pallaces, and what belongs to thée, shal be some of my delight, onely grace me with the fauour of Terentia. Ending this his vow, he passed forward with his traine towardes the house of Flaminius, where beeing arriued, the graue Senators entertained him with such magnificence, as Lentulus perceiued his welcom by his honors. The bord couered, and the company ready to sit, Lentulus was placed chiefe at the Table, who all this while, hauing not sight of Terentia, sate as a man nypped on the head, although there were at the table, to grace the feast, many braue and beautiful damsels. Sitting thus in a dump, he was chéered vp by all the company: but at last, to set him in his iollity, Terentia was commaunded by her father, to bring him in a cup of Grecish wine. She that little cared to be séene in open banquets, as holding it contrary to the rites of Vesta, durst not yet, but with all diligence, signifie her obedience. Therfore attired in a rich robe of white, spotted with starres of golde, tempering the porphury of her face with a vermilion blush, loking like Diana when she basht at Acteons presence, shée came into ý Hall, where humbly saluting all the companie, she deliuered the wine to her father. Lentulus séeing same had but blemisht her fauors, in being to partial of her praises, sat so amased at the beauteous excellencie of Terentia, as did the Centaur enamored of Iuno. His eie made survey of her beauties, who posting thẽ ouer to ý contẽplation of his thoghts, so set on fire his hart with her perfections, as his stomacke

shut

ſhut vp her orifice, to giue his eyes leaue to wonder at ỹ curious conceit of natures cunning: his lookes began to ſparkle loue, as did thoſe of Adon, when he prayed vpon the face of his paramor: the change of his colour bewrayed his new entertained paſſions: which noted by Terentia, halfe angry at loues folly, ſhe diſcouered her color with ſuch a bluſh, as Lentulus letting fall his knife on his trencher, ſaide aloude, Non fortuna, non Bellum, meaning that neither the higheſt ſtate of Fortune, nor the fatall intent of warre, could conquer that hart that her beauty hath made ſubiect. Terentia at this vnexpected exclamation abaſhed, and the reſt of the companie marualled: but Flaminius willing to moue ſome table talke, demaunded of Lentulus what he meant by this ſuddaine embleme. Lentulus willing to make ſlight at the foule, and yet not to haue a bell at his hæle, anſwered thus. Whilſt I lay in legar, intrenching the Parthians, more hardie with legions of men, then with dæpe raiſed countermures, my ſouldiers diſcouered a Caſtle, which once won, diſplaced the ſtrength of the Country, ſæing the Romans had made mee vicegerent of their forces, although the place ſæmed impregnable, bæing as well defended by nature, ſituate vppon a mount, as by proweſſe ſtored with men and munition, yet priſing honor more dære then blood, & Countries profite beyond the content of life, I bent certaine legions againſt the Caſtle, and following the opinion of Quintus Fabius Maximus, ſought by delay to driue them to compoſition. For it was ſaid of him:

Vnus homo nobis cunctando reſtituit rem,
Non ponebat enim rumores ante ſalutem.
Ergo poſtq; magiſq; viri nunc gloria claret.

Sæking ſo to get conqueſt by famine, which would haue bæne preiudiciall with the ſword, at laſt, ſæing their forces greatly weakened, I gaue aſſault, and entred, putting the ſouldiers to the ſword, yet willing to ſaue the Lord of the caſtle, for that his valour diſcouered his thoughts, ſearching him out, I found him in his bed-chamber, his wife ſlaine,

and

and the blade yet varnished with blood grasped in his fist, staring me in the face with a gastly looke, that stood amazed at the stratageme, shée spake thus. Romane, report in the Senate house, that where you excell vs in policie, we exceed you in resolution: this Ladie which thou seest here weltring in her gore, is my wife, and for the breakes not second fancies, shée craued to end her loue with her life: I married her a virgine and honorable, shée dies a wife and honest, as famous in Parthia for her vertues, as your Romaine Dames for their braueries. Wée liued without iarres, for that the desire of the one was the content of the other, constancy banished iealousie, and true loue held suspition at the launces point. Our fortunes (Romane) thou hast pulde downe with thy prowesse, warre hath made wracke of our saieties, but for our loues, this sworde shall linke them together by death, so that Non fortuna non bellum. And with that the resolute souldier stabbed himselfe. Astonied at this peremptory massacre, although all stained with the bloude of the Parthians: yet I could not but grieue at the passion of the man, and enter into consideration what that loue should be, ỳ wrought in mens minds such resolute effects: so well liking of his determinate death, that I vowed in my thought, if euer I obtained the fauour of some gracious Damosel to write bloud with the Parthian, *Non fortuna non bellum.* The remẽbrance (honorable senators) of this tragedy made me to shewe my selfe so passionate. Lentulus hauing ended his discourse, the Senatours generally praysed the resolution of the Parthian, and the Ladies, the constancie of his wife, all concluding, that no impression could bée so deepely inserted into the heart, as loue. Terentia, spying the flame by the smoke, smiled to sée howe couertly Lentulus had cloaked his thoughtes, and how, in vowing to bée constant, he discouered his conceit, so that turning her backe, she went into her Closet, and there blamed Venus, that had wrapt so braue a Champion in her subtilties: not fæling, either the personage, or perfections of Lentulus, to stirre ỳ stayed continencie of her minde. Well, the Senatours not willing to let this fall to the ground, talking still of the Parthian,

and amongſt the reſt of thoſe honourable gueſts that were there feaſted, Archias the poet, a man of a pleaſant diſpoſition, toke the tale by the end, and beganne to proſecute it thus.

Graue Senatours, I remember I haue heard Hortenſius the great Orator ſay, that in times paſt, the Conſuls, for recreation, would vſe light and honeſt paſtimes, eſpecially mirth at meate, as the fitteſt miniſter for digeſtion, alleadging Scipio and Gracchus, who coueted to be as iocund at their banquets, as they were ſerious in matters of eſtate. Séeing then (reuerent fathers) Lentulus hath entred into the diſcourſe of Loue, producing the Parthian, who amongſt his other ſingularities, boaſted, that his fancy had neuer béene ſtained with iealouſie, a plague that is greatly now adayes predominant in Rome, might it pleaſe you to fauour vs with your gracious conſent, we would intreate Lentulus to diſcourſe to vs, his opinion of iealouſie. The Senatours granted, and Terentia béeing come to giue attendance on her father, ſmiled. Lentulus caſting his eies vppon his loue, ſéeing a dimple in her chéeke, which was to him *Cos amoris*, made Archias this preſent anſwer.

Had the Thebans appointed Zetus to haue diſcourſed on Muſicke, or they of Theſſaly Menalcas, to haue deſcribed the Court: The principles of the one had béene as voide of Art, as the precepts of the other farre from Honour: The one being an enemy to Muſicke, the other, a ſwaine, and a ſhepheard. So (reuerend Senators, and honorable Ladies of Rome) Archias, how ſkilfull ſoeuer in Poetry, yet hath failed in his policie, to requeſt him to diſcourſe of Iealouſie, that neuer as yet offered incenſe at the Altars of Loue. If it had bin to make deſcription of a battal to haue diſcourſed the order of the phalanx, or any point of martiall diſcipline, then could I, as a ſouldier, haue dilated ſuch principles, as warlike Captaines regiſter in the field with their ſword. But of Loue, whoſe amorous deitie agréeth not with drumme and trumpet: or of Iealouſie, as the ſhadowe of Fancie, it fitteth mée as little to diſcourſe, as the ſhoomaker of Apelles portraiture. But if euer Venus ſhal vouch mée that fauour,

to

to grace mée with a speciall looke from my Mistris excellencie, and that mine eie be allowed, as Paris was, to iudge of beauties. Archias shall commaund mee as a friend in the meane time; for Poets and Painters ought to haue their conceits feathered with Mercuries plumes: I wil desire Archias to supply my ignorance, and to describe the effectes of Iealousie. The Senators, and the rest of company, hearing how cunningly Lentulus retorted the argument vpon Archias, with a resolute consent, they inioyned Archias to play the Orator, who being pleasantly disposed, began thus.

The wolues in Syria that barke against the Mone, suffer small rest, and great hunger. Arrowes shot against the starres, pierce downeward: and the Syrens that sought to intrap Vlysses, perisht themselues: so Gentlemen, I sought to make experience of Lentulus eloquence, and Fortune hath allotted me to discouer mine owne ignorance, but least I might bee counted, eyther too stoicall, or too too full of selfe conceit: for Iealousie thus.

Archias discourse of Iealousie.

SUch as haue searched into the deepest Aphorismes of Anacreon, or pried into the principles that Ouid set downe in his Volumes, find Loue to be such a pure passion of the mind, as, like the Christall, it admitteth no bruise, without a cracke: it groweth from the vnion of two minds, conceiued by the speciall liking of some excellent good, consisting in exteriour beautie, or interior vertues, or the combinning of the both in one soule, and singular perfection. This choice of excellencie confirmed by election once imprinted in the heart is so pretious as the pearles of Cleopatra. The fleece of Colchos, the sands of Tagus are trash, if brought into compare with this diuine and metaphisicall passion: man hauing swilled in this nectar of loue, is so chary, what he not onely bywketh no corriuall of his thoughts, but admitteth no partaker of his fauours, and from this feare proceedeth that furie which men call iealousie, being secret suspicion, that others should enioy that excellencie, that he hath chosen sole

and

and ſingular to himſelfe. This (noble Romans) is that fiend that Pluto ſent to checke Cupid in his deitie: this ſpringing from hell, bringeth worſe torments to the minde then the ſtone of Syſiphus, vulture of Tiſius, or wheele of Ixion. This is the canker that fretteth the quiet of the thoughts, the moth that ſecretly conſumeth the life of man, and the poiſon ſpecially oppoſed againſt the perfection of loue: after the heart be once infected with ielouſie, the ſleepes are broke, the dreams, diſquiet ſlumbers, the thoughts, cares, and ſorrows, the life, woe, and miſerie, that liuing, he dies, and dying, prolongs out his life in paſſions worſe then death. None loketh on his loue but ſuſpicion ſayes, this is he that couets to be corriual of my fauours: None knockes at his doore, but ſtarting vp, he thinkes them meſſengers of fancie, none talkes but they whiſper of affection: if ſhe frowne, ſhe hates him, and loues others, if ſhe ſmile, it is becauſe ſhe hath had ſucceſſe in her loues, loke ſhe frowardly on any man, ſhe diſſembles, if ſhe fauours him with a gratious eye, then as a man ſtraught with frenſie, he cryeth out, that neither fire in the ſtraw, nor loue in womens lokes can be concealed, thus doth he liue reſtles, and maketh loue, that of it ſelfe is ſweet, to bee in taſt as bitter as gall.

This diſcouers (reuerent Senators) that loue being of it ſelfe, a moſt excellent paſſion, is onely blemiſht by his foule and diſgraced ſtaine of ielouſie, as hatefull and hurtefull to the minde, as a Cockatrice to the eye, or hemlock to the taſt. The pureſt chriſolite hath his ſtrakes, the flowers in Sydon, as they are precious in the ſight, ſo they are peſtilent in ſauour: Loue as it is diuine with loyaltie, ſo it is helliſh with ielouſie, wherefore by an auncient Poet were written theſe verſes.

When Gods had fram'd the ſweete of womens face,
And lockt mens lookes within their golden haire:
That Phœbus bluſht to ſee their matchles grace,
And heauenly gods on earth did make repaire
To quippe faire *Venus* ouerweening pride,
Loues happie thoughts to ielouſie were tide.

Then

Then grewe a wrinkle on faire *Venus* browe,
The amber ſweete of loue is turn'd to gall:
Gloomie was heauen: bright phœbus did avowe
He could be coy and would not loue at al:
Swearing, no greater miſchiefe could be wrought,
Then loue vnited to a iealous thought.

Had not Iuno béene iealous ouer Iupiter, Io had not bene turned into a Heifer: if ſuſpicion had not prickt Menelaus, Helena had not ſtolne away with Paris. Procris had béene aliue, had ſhée not ſuſpected Cephalus: Then worthy Romaines we ſée what a prejudicial monſter groweth from the fearefull exceſſe of loue, that not only ſhortneth the life, diſquieteth the minde, but oft is the cauſe of moſt ſtrange and vnnaturall maſſacres. If fortune frowne in loue, we flie to patience: If there happen iarres, why louers brawles are introductions to delight. If pouertie, why they hope vpon time, thinking that there is *Viciſſitudo omnium rerum*, the loweſt ebbe may haue his flow, & the deadeſt neape his full tide: if griefes, ſorrowes, repulſes, vnkindnes, theſe bee but *Amantium iræ*: And therefore *Amoris redintegratio*: but as the pumice ſtone frets the paper from ſpots, and the fire conſumeth flax: ſo this infernall plague of iealouſie roteth and raceth all true loue from the heart, that yéelding my cenſure, I conclude with this Poeme.

Vita quæ tandem magis eſt iucunda,
Vel viris doctis magis expetenda,
Mente quam pura ſociam iugalem,
Semper amare?

Vita quæ tandem magis eſt dolenda,
Vel magis cunctis fugienda quam quæ,
(Falſo ſuſpecta probitate amicæ)
Tollit amorem?

Tullies Loue.

Nulla eam tollit medicina peſtem,
Murmuro, emplaſtrum vel imago ſaga,
Aſtra nec curant, magica nec artes,
Zelotipiam.

Archias hauing thus ended his diſcourſe, the Senatours greatly praiſed his deſcription of iealouſie, and from that fell to other pleaſant talke as occaſion offred. Till dinner being done, they aroſe, & after many thanks & curteſies, according to the cuſtome of the Romanes, Flaminius to honor Lentulus the more, taking him by the hand carried him into a garden, where Terentia ſate accompanyed with other Virgins of Rome: namely, Flauia, Cornelia, and Iulie, all of ſuch exquiſite features, as they ſeemed to be the choyce Paragons of that time. Lentulus amazed at this gorgeous ſight, wondred not onely at their beauties, but marueiled why Flaminius brought him ſo friendly into their preſence. At laſt, the old man burſt forth into theſe words: Lord Lentulus, I meaſure the thoughts of young gentlemen, by the prime of my forepaſſed youth, not being ſo cynicall as with Chremes in Terence, to proportion young affections, by the cynders of old age, but to thinke with Menedemus, that the ſpring hath flowers and bloſſomes, whereas winter hath dried braunches, and twanie leaues. We old men, ouer whom Saturnus is predominant hauing infuſed melancholie in our mindes, couet, either to ſit ſolitarie, or that our talke be ſerious: you that are yong, whoſe thoughts aime at delights, ſeeke to paſſe the time in pleaſant diſcourſes. Leaſt therefore the time might bee tedious, I haue brought you amongſt theſe faire Ladies, that you may make experience of loues, as you haue done of warres: Mars no ſooner puts of his helmet, but he ſalutes Venus: and you come from conqueſt of the Parthians, ſee how you can enter combate with paſſions: and ſo Lord Lentulus I leaue you.

Lentulus ſeeing himſelfe thus inuironed with theſe miracles of beauty, caſting his eye vppon the goddeſſe, whoſe fauourable aſpect might be the ſumme of his fortunes, bathed al the firſt, as Paris did in the vale of Ida, and ſtood as the

foes

foes of Perſeus when he vncaſed the head of Meduſa, & turnd them to marble pictures, ſo amazed ſtood Lentulus at ỹ ſight of ſuch diuine excellency, till the Ladyes ſeeing this Nouice thus in a quandary, beganne to ſmile, which reuiuing a kind of amorous choller, in the ſouldiers minde, he beganne thus to play the Champion.

Ladies, beléeue me, Loue is of more force then warres, and the lookes of women, pierce déeper then ſtroke of lances, there is no curtleax ſo keene, but armor of high proofe can withſtand, but beauties arrowes are ſo ſharpe, and the darts that flie from womens eyes, ſo piercing, as the corſlet tempered by Vulcan, for Didoes paramour, holdes not out the violence of their ſtroake. The gods tremble when Mars ſhaketh his Launce, but he feareth when Venus caſteth a frowne. Alexander neuer tooke notice of the legions of his enemies, but hée ſtood frighted at the beauty of the Amazon. Then ſwéete ſaints of Rome, maruell not if I were driuen into a maze at the ſight of ſuch beateous creatures, whoſe faces are Venus weapons, wherwith ſhée checketh the pride of ouer-daring warriours: I cannot (Ladyes) court it as your Romaine youngſters, that tye their wits to their fancies: nor fill your eares with amorous diſcourſes, as Cupids Apprentices, that ſpend their time in ſuch louing philoſophy: Nor can I faine conceited ſuppoſes of affection, to proue my ſelfe loue-ſicke by Poetry. But as a blunt ſouldier new come from the warres, I offer my ſelfe a deuout ſeruant to your beauties, ſwearing to defend your honours againſt all men with the hazard of my bloud, and in pawne thereof, generally to you all, but ſpecially to one (as loue hath his vnitie) I deſire to bee entertained as a dutifull ſeruant to the Lady Terentia. Lentulus hauing thus boldly boorded theſe louely Virgins, the Ladies ſeeing with what affection hée offred his ſeruice to Terentia, began to bite the lippe, & ſhe to bluſh, who ſeeing her ſelfe toucht to the quicke, made him this anſwere.

I knowe not (Lord Lentulus) how to anſwere of loue, becauſe as yet I neuer knewe loue: ignorant of his forces, becauſe neuer acquainted with his fortunes. Veſta forbids vs

Virgins to name Venus, as they of Ephesus hatefull Erostratus. Diana deales not in Paphos, nor suffers shé any of her maidens to hunt on Erecynus, least méeting with Venus mecocks, they skippe with Calisto, and so séeke after losse. The lesse you are priuate to loues passions, the more welcome to our presence: for rather had wee fill our eares with warres fortunes, thē with loues follies: and sweéter are the teares that growe from a constant stratageme, then a smile from a comike tale of fancie. For your seruice (Lord Lentulus) finding my selfe vnworthy, I craue pardon: Nor can we by Vestaes charter admit such seruants. But if it please you to bée accepted as a worthy Romaine, and my fathers friend, looke for such fauour as mine honour and virginitie can afford.

Lentulus hearing the plausible answere of Terentia, although her first insinuation séemed to answere for his purpose, as preferring the lawnes of Diana, & fires of Vesta, before loues holy temples, yet shee concluded so sweétly as might stande with the modestie of her honour: he therefore made thus his reply.

In that Madame we are both nouices in loue, the simpler are our thoughts, and the nérer should be the simpathy of our affections. Doues match when they are yong. Syens are grafted when they are sprigs, the one part not but by death, nor are thother seuered but they perish. Souldiers are like virgins, the one striuing to liue vertuous, the other to die valiant: both enemies to loue, while they waite on those which broke not loue, I meane warre and Vesta: But both must loue, as hauing hearts, and thoughts, eyes to sée beautie, and eares to iudge of vertue. I madame while I thought none greater then Mars, was vowed to Mars, but séeing womens wits are worse then weapons, and that their lookes pierce déeper then lances, I haue resigned ouer my fortunes at the shrine of warre, & meane to make proofe of the sweétnesse of loue: Glad that in my first entrance I haue the patronage of your gratious fauor, armed with the which, Mars well may frowne, but not conquer. But sir, quoth Terentia, I granted my fauour to Lentulus the Souldier, not to

Lentulus

Lentulus the louer. And so Madame quoth hée, accept of it, for I am a souldier to doe you honour, and a louer dispight of my selfe. Flauia, hearing Lentulus, began to reason prettily to the purpose, béeing a Lady of passing merrie disposition, whose witte was as full of wiles, as her face of fauour, second in the excellencie of beautie to the Lady Terentia, thought to sift her souldier in this manner.

I sée well Lord Lentulus, that as Women haue their fauours, so men haue their sayings: the one prodigall in graces, the other politike in deceits, beeing as cunning to dissemble loue, as wee charie to discharge loue. Wee Romaine Ladies thought to haue found you a flat souldier as ignorant in lones, as we of fancies: but how closely soeuer you couer the flame, the fire will be knowne by the smoke: For your talke so sauours of Loues principles, as we iudge you are as cunning in saying a passion, as in figuring a battell, and can as soone deceiue a woman with a pen, as slaughter an enemy with a launce. This will make vs to take you for a day friend, and what we like in you present, to disallow to morrow, sweating if you bring amongst vs Venus roses, we will beate you with Vestas nettles: and therefore if you will be admitted as our souldier, we either forbid you the name of loue, or else you shall bee out of our fauours. Cornelia willing to breake a iest with the Champion, thwarted Flauia thus. And what of that Madame, hath not warre taught him patience: hee hath past sharper brunts then womens frownes. But how your leuell is without aime? If Madame Terentia smyle, his penie is good siluer, tis her fauour that is the loadstar of his fortunes, and how can wee enter into her thoughts, but by coniectures: she full of beautie, and he a proper young gentleman. At this frumpe the Ladies smiled, and Terentia blusht for anger. But Lentulus séeing such a broad iest pind on the shoulder, willing to make answere for his Mistresse, although he was sore put to his trumps, as halfe set at a Non plus, yet hee followed his fortunes thus.

Indéede Ladies thinke I haue patience to beare womens frumpes, that hath incountred an enemies blow, but if I

could as well answere the one, as quit the other, you should neither carrie it to hell, nor to heauen. But to reuenge my selfe as well as I can, thus. First Madame, to cleare my cunning in loue, I refer my selfe to the verdict of your owne conscience: who, were you but as fauourable as you are frowish, would soone censure by my talke, how deepe I am read in loues principles. But women speake by contraries, crying like the Lapwing farthest from their neasts, and so I take it being checkt for ouermuch loue, when you see I am a nouice in loue. Or perhaps Madame Flauia, you would haue me loue: if it bee so, I will become more studious to satisfie your wish: but you calling me a day friend, that peremptorie punishment were passing sharpe, for one fault to shake mee out of seruice, were it not that for so deepe a wound the Ladie Cornelia bringeth in a lenitiue plaister, alleadging my securitie if I bee armed with Terentias fauour. Blame mée not sweete goddesses, if I aime at the fairest, souldiers haue eies that can iudge of beautie, though they haue not weapons to winne beautie, and eares to déeme of perfections, though they want tongues to discouer passions. The harmonie of loue, I haue heard them say, consistes in vnities, and nothing more preiudiciall to fancie then pluralitie, either of thoughts or of persons. Among many then am I charged but to like of one Mistresse: If I make choice of Terentia, and shée vouch to grace mee with her fauour, Cornelia concludes truely, that armed with the imagination of her beautie, I thinke my selfe able to broke your frumps, and to withstand the hardy resolution of Mars.

I marualle then quoth Flauia, halfe in choller (if womens beautie be like Delphicus gladius, of high prowse to defende, and of sharpe edge to offende) why the Senatours chose not out legions of Ladies, that with little cost and great assurance, they may make conquest of the world: but perhapes all souldiers bee not of your temper, for they vse their weapons, and you your lookes.

No Madame quoth Lentulus, that is not the cause, for were it not that euery woman would be a Captaine, and striue for supremacie, they had resolued vpon this long agoe, but

but fearing a mutinie amongſt themſelues for ſuperioritie, ſith euery one at home will be counted moſt wiſe, and moſt beautifull, though their wits be meane, and fauours leſſe, the Senate are glad to foreſee ſuch an inconuenience. The Ladies hearing how cunningly Lentulus had gald Madame Flauia on her right ſide, began all to ſmile, & ſhee after a bluſh for very anger, began to laugh. Lentulus glad that hee had giuen her a top of the ſame fawce, & paid her her debt in her owne coine: Calling to his boy to fetch him a Lute, willing to ſhew his Miſtreſſe hee was not ignorant in Muſicke, ſaid hee would proue the force of beautie by a ſonnet which hee heard was made by Orpheus when hee fell firſt into loue with Euridice: tuning therefore his Lute to his voice, hee ſung this dittie.

Mars in a furie gainſt loues brighteſt Queene
Put on his helme, and tooke him to his launce:
On Erecynus mount was Mauors ſeene,
And there his enſignes did the god aduaunce:
And by heauens greateſt gates he ſtowtly ſwore,
Venus ſhould die, for ſhe had wrongd him ſore.

Cupid heard this, and he began to crie,
And wiſht his mothers abſence for a while:
Peace foole quoth Venus, is it I muſt die?
Muſt it be Mars? with that ſhe coind a ſmile:
She trimd her treſſes, and did curle her haire,
And made her face with beautie paſſing faire.

A fan of ſiluer feathers in her hand,
And in a coach of Ebony ſhe went:
She paſt the place where furious Mars did ſtand,
And out her lookes a louely ſmile ſhe ſent.
Then from her browes lept out ſo ſharpe a frowne,
That Mars for feare threw all his armour downe.

He vowd repentance for his raſh miſdeede,
Blaming his choller that had cauſd his woe:
Venus grew gratious, and with him agreed,
But chargd him not to threaten beautie ſo:
For womens lookes are ſuch inchaunting charmes,
As can ſubdue the greateſt god in armes.

Lentulus hauing ſung this dittie, Terentia willing a little to ſhew her wit began thus. I remember Lord Lentulus, I haue heard my father ſay, that ſouldiers were wont to carrie fauours in their helmes, not fancies in their heart: & made choice of their miſtreſſe to incourage their thoughts, not to inchaunt their affections. But I ſée the auncient honour of the Romanes is ſlipt from proweſſe, to paſſions, and the men couet to be counted rather amorous wooers, then hardy warriours: gaſing Mars in the face with bright armour, but offring Oriſons, to Venus in ſecret conceites. This did not Quintus Lucius Cyncinnatus, who ſet it downe as Crimen capitale to ſpeake of loue in the Armie. Nor Scipio Affricanus the great, who made lawes that no women ſhould be brought priſoners within the Campe, leaſt loue entring pele mele with warre, might hazard the hautineſſe of their honors. And yet Madame quoth Lentulus, Cyncinnatus had a wife, and Scipio was married. But quoth ſhe it was in their age rather choſen for ſuccours, then amorous paſſions: their youth was wholy ſpent in warres as enemies to loues, counting fancie as a diſhonour to their martiall dignities: rightly indéede with a déepe inſight entring into the enormities that grow from following too preciſely the court of Venus. For beléeue me (gentleman) Poets and and Painters erre much that aſcribe a deity to Cupid, and were worthy to beare ſome grœuous puniſhment for ſuch a new inuented hereſie, which I will approue with a Sonet, that one of Dianaes nymphes made when Iupiter had faulted with Caliſo. And ſo Terentia taking the Lute in her hand began to warble out this roundelay.

Fond

Fond fayning Poets makes of loue a god,
And leaue the Lawrell for the myrtle boughes:
When Cupid is a child not past the rod,
And faire Diana Daphnis most allowes.
Ile weare the baies, and call the wag a boy,
And thinke of loue but as a foolish toy.

Some giue him bowe and quiuer at his backe,
Some make him blinde to aime without aduise:
When naked wretch such feathered bolts he lacke,
And fight he hath, but cannot wrong the wise.
For vse but labours, weapon for defence,
And Cupid like a Coward flieth thence.

He is God in Court, but cottage cals him childe,
And Vestas virgins with their holy fires
Doe cleanse the thoughts that fancie hath defilde,
And burnes the pallace of his fond desires.
VVith chast disdain they scorne the foolish god;
And prooue him but a boy not past the rod.

Terentia hauing ended her rundelay, as Lentulus was ready to reply, Flaminius came into the Garden with the rest of the Senators, whose graue presence brake off their amorous prattle, so that hee leauing the Ladies taking his leaue friendly of them all, but specially with a pittifull glancing loke of Terentia, as crauing some fauour for his farewell, he went to the Senators, amongst whom he discoursed long of the maner and custome of the Parthians, of their resolution in warres, and of such serious matters concerning martiall discipline. Passing thus away part of the afternoone, the company at last taking their leaues, yéelding great thankes to Flaminius for their good chéere, they parted to their seuerall mansions. Lentulus slipping from the rest of the company, and with a gratious courage toke his adue of Terentia, and the other of the Ladies, vowing to be theirs euer in any due honorable seruice, and so straying Terentia by the hand, he went home with Titus Annius Milo: where-

he found Marcus Tullius Cicero, then a youth in Rome, about the age of twentie yeares, and very priuate and familiar with Milo. The fame of this Tullies surpassing Eloquence was so bruted abroad in Rome, as they counted him the myrror of that time, and as in Greece they wondered at Demosthenes for his orations, and the popular people fedde their eies with his sight, so as Tully past through the streets they cried out, Hic est ille Cicero: saying, that as Orpheus with his Musicke made the stones and trees plyant to his melodie: so Tullie tyed the peoples eares to his tong by his eloquence: And that Plato, who for his philosophicall sentences was called diuine, in whose lips Bées rested, as presaging his future excellencie, was inferiour to Tullie in his musicall concord of his phrase. Lentulus noting his perfections, although his Parentage was base, yet thinking his eloquence might bée profitable to his loues, grew to be very familiar with Tullie, insomuch, that of vnacquainted citizens, they grew to be deare and priuate friendes, that their thoughts were vnited with a sure league of amity, and their hearts were receptakles for their mutuall passions, so that their most secret affaires were frankly participated without any doubting suspicion. But leauing their familiaritie, conuersing in Miloes house: Let vs Gentlemen sée how Terentia brokt his departure. Cornelius Nepos forgets it in Tullies life, but if you will beléeue mée, it was thus.

No sooner were the Senatours and Lentulus departed from Flaminius house, but Flauia and the rest of the Ladies toke leaue of Terentia, who béeing solitarie by her selfe sitting alone in an arbour of roses, began to ruminate on the Idæa of Lentulus perfection, and to call to minde his seuerall and singular qualities, his parentage, his person, honors, and his great possessions, but al in vaine. Loues poison was preuented with an antidote, and hir thoughts sealed vp with an inuincible chastitie. For after shée had long sate: At last with a smile shée burst forth into these tearmes.

If Venus could not infuse more dismall aspects in other Ladies thoughts, then into my minde, they should neither hold her as a Goddesse, nor honour her temples with presents:

sents: Fonde are those women that are inquisitiue after Astrologers, whether Venus bée retrograde, or combust in their natiuities. Had they but tasted the swéete sauour of Vestaes incense, they would abandon her as a planet careless in their natiuities: & not trouble the Augures or Aruspices, to censure of their fatall or fortunate fancies. For had they but insight into the swéete life of Virgins, how secure they liue, if they liue vertuous, they would neuer intangle themselues with the inconstant snares of fancie. Vesta allowes vs fréé thoughts, Venus disquiet passions: at her Alters wee haue swéete slæpes, in the other pallace broken slumbers. Diana counteruailes our labours with myth and quiet: in Cypres wée find toyle tempered with care and sorrowes. Being virgins wee haue libertie: married wée tye our selues to the variable disposition of a husband, who bée he neuer so excelent in perfection, or exquisite in proportion, we shall finde sufficient whereof to gather dislike. Then Terentia, let Lentulus passe with his honours he hath subdued. What though Alexander wonne the whole world: his glories are but fortunes fauours. Account him then only as thou promises, thy fathers friend and thine as farre as he treates not of wedding: and with this vppon a sodaine shée start vp, and went to passe away the time amongst companie, holding Cupids deity at disdaine, and accounting of loue, as the Sammites did of gold, which they sent as presents to their enemies, but banisht from their owne common wealth. But Flauia poore Ladie, was not pierced with so easie a passion, for shée hauing more déepely imprinted in her thoughts, his honours and vertues, and measuring the man by the height of his fortunes, fell into these bitter complaints.

With what litle proportion doth iniurious Loue bestowe his fauours? With how small regard doth blinde Fortune powre out her treasures? Making in all their actions, contrarieties, that so they may triumph in inconstancie. Loue hath brought Lentulus from the warres to Rome, onely to sée Terentia. Fortune hath brought Flauia to ỹ house of Flaminius, onely to loue Lentulus, the little regarding him, hée

lightly respecting me. Thus hath the contrariety of Loue and Fortune made Lentulus vnhappy, & me without hope. Ah! but Terentia, though she seeme to coy at the first, will be more curteous at the last, when she hath had but a moneths meditating on the excellencie of Lentulus. Then oh, then sigh Flauia, and say, oh then will Terentia not reiect so honorable a personage: when she considers his youth, his beauty, his parentage, his dignities. Lentulus no sooner shal woe, but she will be wonne. This is the coniecture of her happe, and the dispaire of my hope. And yet it may be that the destinies haue appoynted their disagrée. For starres are sticklers in loue, & fates are principal fautors of wedlocke. If my prayers may serue to Venus: if my incense to Cupid, if my vows to Lucina, if my sute to loue, let their loue perish in the bud, & whether in the blossomes. Had I Medeas magicke, the drugges of Calipso, the inchauntments of Circes, the skill of Hecate, all these should be imployed to breake the loue of Terentia, and Lentulus. Fond Flauia, to be so franticke in thy passions: suppose Terentia hated Lentulus, can this conclude, he will loue thée? No, his thoughts are settled, his rest set downe, his vowes made, his fancy fixed, and all vpon that beautifull Terentia: I, there Flauia, that is the word that galleth, to the beautiful Terentia: For of such surpassing beauty is the Lady, that as Cynthia brookes no compare with her glorious brother: so thou must not enter comparison with the daughter of the Senator Flaminius. But, what is this to Lentulus? If she be faire, yea as faire as euer was Sulpitia: if she be as coy, and disdainfull as Cælia, had he not better loue homely Flauia, who will counteruaile with loue, what thée wants in beautie, & proportion out in deuty, what thée defects in dignitie. But what of this, loue admits no exceptions, he cannot mislike ought in Terentia. Doth not present examples, yea instãces executed in Rome auerre so much? Is not Anthonio enamoured of the blacke Egiptian Cleopatra. Doth not Cæsar enuy him in his loues, and couets to be corriual of his fancies. Affection is oft blind and demeth not rightly. The blackest Ebon is brighter then the whitest Iuory: and Venus thought Vulcan at the first

a proper

a proper stripling. Were Terentia neuer so coy, Lentulus will count her disdaine but chastitie: yet Flauia pray thē she may liue in this mislike, then hast thou yet some cause to hope, otherwise weep thy fill, dispaire, and then die, for sweeter is death, then to liue and see Lentulus enioy the loue of Terentia. Hauing at this period breathed a while, ready to go forward in passions, one of her waiting women came in, who breaking off her complaints, past away the rest of the day in prattle. Leauing her therefore and her maid at chat, againe to Lentulus, who tooke such inwarde griefe at this new conceited loue, that his colour began to ware pale, and to discouer passions, his sighes many and often to bewray his sorrowes, his suddaine starts in his slēpes, and his musings surcharged with melancholie. These noted by Tully, his priuate friend, made him coniecture that somwhat was amisse with Lentulus. Hauing therefore fit opportunitie, hee began to sift him in this manner.

The ancient Gretians (sweet Lentulus) that set downe principles of friendshippe, account the secret conuersing of friendes, and their mutuall participating, either of priuate sorrowes, or concealed pleasures, the principall end of such professed amitie. Therefore did Theseus chose Perithous, Orestes Pylades, & to that end, or els you wrong mee, serues Tully to his Lentulus. If then it be requisite in friendshippe to abandon suspitious secrecie, I cannot but take it vnkindly, ỳ Tully is not made partaker of Lentulus passions. For as the Carbuncle is not hid in the darke, nor the fire shut vp in strawe, so sorrowes cannot so couertly be concealed, but the countenance will pourtray out the cause by the effects. Think me not then so blind, but I can iudge of colours, nor so simple, but I can dēme of affections: what meane these farre fetcht sighes, broken slumbers, this new delight, to be solitarie, but that Lentulus fēling a passion that pierceth to the quick, yet sēkes to kēpe it secret from his friend Tully? know this my good Lentulus, that smoke depressed, striueth more deadly: That the Ouen, the closer it is damd vp, the greater is the heate: and passions, the more priuate, the more preiudiciall. Stop not then the streame, least it ouer-

kowe. Conceale not ſorrowes, leaſt they ouercharge, and prooue like wounds, that kept long from the Chirurgian, growe to be incureable vlcers: If it be a Fathers frowne, an enemies wrong, a friends miſhap, reueale it, and ſéeke remedy. If Lentulus griefes haue left his honours in Parthia, feare not, Rome will haue more warres, and Lentulus newe dignities. If the Senatours haue dealt ingratefully: *Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.* The moſt famous Romans haue ſore-runne thée in ſuch hard fortunes. Scipio ſubdued Affrica, what his reward was, let our annuals report. If Lentulus miſlikes ought in Rome, let him abandon Rome, and Tully will baniſh himſelfe from his countrey to with his friende Lentulus. If ſince thy comming into thys ſtorehouſe of natures prodigalitie, thine eye hath made ſurnay of any gorgeous Damſell, and ſo (my Lentulus) be in loue, although wiſdome willes to hide amors euen from amitie, and to tie fancie in the loweſt Cell of the hart, yet reueale it to thy friend Tullie, and if any way he may eaſe his Lentulus paſſions, hée vowes to ſalue thy ſore, though with the hazard of his owne ſafetie. Lentulus hearing his friend leuell ſo nére the marke, gaue a great grone at the name of loue, & fetching a déepe ſigh ſaid, *Ætna grauius Amor.* And with that, ſtarting from the place where he ſat, taking Tullie by the hand, began thus.

Were it (my Tully) that my paſſions had any hope of remedie, or that my wound were ſuch as might be cured by counſell, long ere this had Lentulus powred his plaints into the boſome of his friend Cicero: but my ſorrowes, as they are piercing, ſo I haue kept them priuate, as hoping for no eaſe, and yet delighting in my martyrdome. The bird flyeth the ſnare of the Fowler: No ſooner doth the woodman bend his bow, but the déere trips through the lawnes: euery creature is taught by nature to feare his fall, & yet wretched Lentulus hunteth after his owne miſhap. So haue I deſcribed the fury of my paſſions, as I can not but ſay, it is loue that is thus impatient. Loue (my Tullie) that is ſuch a Lord, as inſinuating his power with fauor, he kéeps poſſeſſion by force. Wars haue their ends, either honors or death

and

and in battaile, prowesse oft makes constraint of Fortune: but in loue, Delay is the vnhappy deathsman, that holding thée vp, neither saues nor kils. Since my comming to Rome (my Tullie) coueting to conuerse with beautiful Ladies as before I had done with martiall souldiers, amongst manie curious Pearles, I found one orient Margaret richer then those which Cæsar brought from the westerne shores of Europe: so long I gazed at the beautie of this precious Jem, that I found my selfe gald with such affection, as well repeate I might, but recall I could not: and for thou shalt say thée is loue worthy, heare how in describing her excellencie I haue plaide the Poet,

Lentulus description of Terentia in Latin.

Qualis in aurora splendescit lumine Titan,
Talis in eximio corpore forma fuit:
Lumina seu species radiantia, sine capillos,
Lux Ariadne tua & lux tua Phœbe iacet.
Venustate fuit verbis, spirabat odorem,
Musica vox, nardus spiritus almus erat:
Rubea labra, genæ rubræ, faciesque decora,
In qua concertant lilius atque rosa,
Luxuriant geminæ formoso in pectore mammæ,
Circundant niueæ candida colla comæ:
Denique talis erat diuina Terentia, quales
Quondam certantes, Iuno, Minerua, Venus.

Thus in English.

BRightsome Apollo in his richest pompe,
was not like to the tramels of her haire:
Her eyes like Ariadnes sparkling starres,
Shone from the Ebon Arches of her browes.
Her face was like the blushing of the East,
when Titan chargde the morning Sunne to rise:
Her cheekes rich strewd with roses and with white,
did stayne the glory of Anchises loue.

Her siluer teates did ebbe and flow delight,
Her necke columnes of polisht Iuory.
Her breath was perfumes made of violets,
And all this heauen was but Terentia.

NO sooner had Lentulus ended his well written Poem, and concluded his cunning with the name of his Mistrisse, but Tully hearing Terentia, was the Saint at whose shrine Lentulus offred vp his deuotion, entring his *Exordium* with a smile, he began to be thus pleasant.

And is there no fruit wil serue your taste but such as grow in the gardens of Hesperides, nor no color content your eye, but such as is stained by the fish Maurex. Must your senses be fed with nothing but that is excellent, nor your loue haue no meane but to ayme at the fayrest? What Terentia? the beautie of Rome? the pride of nature? the wealth of all the fauouring graces, whose excellencies are spread through the triple deuision of the world? I see (my Lentulus) soldiers haue eyes, as they haue handes, and thouggts as they haue weapons, and that how bluntly soeuer brought vp in the wars, yet they are curious in the choises of they? loues. Well, be it, Lentulus loues Terentia, an honour to set his fancie on her, but he kept his loue secret from Tully, a fault to be suspicious of his friend. But why grieues Lentulus? Is not his parentage greater then the house of Flaminius? Is not his honours sufficient to counteruaile her beauties? Why then is he so impatient in so agreeable a passion? Lentulus vppon this discoursed vnto Tully, from point to point, the successe of his loues, how he gaue his charge ouer to Lepidus, onely that he might haue a sight of Terentia, and then recounting what prattle had past betweene him and her after dinner, her coy answeres, and firme resolution to remaine chaste, craued counsell howe hee might ease the disquiet of his thoughts. Tully pitying the extreame passion of his friend, deuised sundry means how to make him Lord of his desires. But after the discourse of sundry plots, it was decreed, that *Lentulus* should write vnto Terentia. *Lentulus* despayring of his owne stile and methode, required Tully to write him

a letter passionate, and full of familiar eloquence, which at his request, Cicero contriued after this manner: where by the way (gentlemen) I am to craue you to thinke, that Terentia kept the copie secret, so that neyther it can be found amongst Lentulus lose papers, nor in the familiar Epistles of Cicero. If the phrase differ from his other excellent forme of writing, imagine he sought to couer his stile, and in his pen rather to play the blunt souldier, then the curious Orator, neyther vsing those *vertorum fulmina*, that Paterius obiects, nor that sweete and musicall cadence of words, which hee vseth to Atticus, but howsoeuer, or whatsoeuer, thus it was.

Lentulus, Terentiæ salutem.

QVod natura in venustatis & formæ tuæ Idæa formauit (suauissima Terentia) nullo modo silentio præterire possum. Ne cũ nimis cautus amoris ignem celare conarer, incautus tanquam Ætna meipsum consumens, in cineres redigar. Cum inter Parthos versarer, nihil nisi bellum & arma cogitans, à Roma vsque formæ tuæ pulchritudo, morumque integritas à multis sæpe nunciata est. Cuius rei fama ea iucunditate aures meas permulsit, vt (syrenum quasi cantu delectatus,) arma obijcere & amorem cogitare cœperim, meque totum in Terentiæ potestatem tradere non erubescerem. Diuinæ autem excellentiæ tuæ cogitatio, eos mihi pro tempore in bellicis negotijs addidit animos, vt breui deuictis & prostigatis Parthis, totam hanc prouinciam Lepido commiserim, quem vnum tum honoris, tum fortunæ meæ participem feci, Parthisq; relectis Romam me cõtuli, vt iucundissimo fructu, tum aspectus, tum consuetudinis tuæ frui liceat. Formæ vero & pulchritudinis tuæ dignitas, tanta tamque excellens fuit, vt non modo famam, sed expectationem meam longè superarit. Vnde exquisitam tuam perfectionem oculis contemplans, & singulares animi dotes auribus accipiens, excellentiæ tuæ Idæam in imo pectore collocaui, meque totum amori, quasi constringendum tradidi. Cum igitur tua vnius causa (suauissima Terentia) famam fortunasque & arma proiecerim, verum amantis officium fac præstes, & me non meritis, sed amore fac metiare, vt iam ore tu mihi respondens, ego in omni officio tibi satisfaciam. Taceo genus & parentes

rentes, quos tandē bonos ciues & Senatores fuisse constat, taceo triumphos, qui quales fuerint Capitolium populusque Romanus locupletissimi sunt testes, de deuitijs non glorior, quas tamen mediocret esse constat, set virtutis vim & amoris constantiam tibi propono, quæ nec parui facienda, nec ingratitudine compensanda sunt. Me igitur fac redames (mea Terentia) & pulchritudini comitatem coniungens, parentibus gaudeo, amicis vtilitati, & Lentulo voluptati esse possis. Non disertè, vt Orator, sed paramenter, vt imperator tibi scribo, quod si amicis fidem, Lentulo amorem tribuas, vt parentibus gaudio amori nostro consentire digneris, de patris voluntate nihil est quod dubites: sed si alieno amore non nostro delecteris dolores meos & augebo, & celabo, & quamcunque in partē te flexeris tibi tum vitam tranquillam, tum mortem gloriosam, vt fidelissimus amator exoptabo. Vale, plus oculis mihi dilecta Terentia, & me tui desiderio iam pene languentem, aut ames citò, aut oderis semper, vale, & rescribe.

Lentulus to Terentia, health.

I Cannot (ſweet ſoueraigne of my thoughts, & cheefe mirror of our Romane excellencie) ſmother that with ſilence which nature hath figured in the portraiture of my lookes, vnleſſe keeping the flame ſo ſecret, I ſhould, like Ætna conſume to cinders. When ſeated amongſt the Parthians, hauing nothing in my thoughts, but warres and ſtratagems, thy beauty was repeated as ſpeciall newes from Rome, amongſt the Legions, the melodie ſeemed ſo pleaſing to my eares, as if the muſicke of the Syrens had inchaunted my ſences. I ceaſed from warres, to thinke of loue, and from loue to doate on the cōceit of Terentia. The thoughts of thy excellency doubled ſuch courage in my attempts, that I cōquered the Parthians, yeelding vppe my charge to Lepidus, made him partaker of my honors, and fortunes, & came to Rome, onely to ſee Terentia, whoſe ſight was ſo beauteous, and ſo farre beyond the report of fame, that mine eies ſurueying exquiſitely thy perfections, and mine eares cenſuring of thy wit & vertues, both in league conſpired to preſent the Idea of thy ſelfe to the contemplation of my hart, which

grēdi-

grædily entertaining ſuch rare beauties, hath euer ſince remained a poore diſtreſſed captiue. Sith then Terentia, thy Lentulus hath left his fortunes to folow fancie, & hath forſaken the warres to winne thy loues, holding thée more deere than country honour: ſhew thy ſelfe a Romane Lady, that ſtriuing in minde to be matchleſſe, thou mayeſt be more prodigall in fauours, then I worthy in deſerts, and yelde mée ſuch mede for my loue, as Lentulus for his loyaltie doth merite. I boaſt not of my parents, they are cittizens, and of the Senate with my Father. I ſpeake not of mine honors, the Capitol can witneſſe what thowts paſſed from the Romans as victors: what teares from the Parthians are banquiſhed: both theſe paſſions growing from the fortunes of Lentulus. My reuenewes are ſuch as ſatiſfie my deſires. But all theſe are externall fauours, which though I rehearſe, yet I brag not of. But the conſtancie of my loue, and the loyaltie of my thoughts: theſe (Terentia) are gifts of the minde, deſeruing no light eſteeme, much leſſe to be requited with ingratitude. Conſider then (ſweet goddeſſe) the ſinceritie of mine affections, weigh how Lentulus loues, and ſo vſe him in loue, meaſure his fortunes by his fancies. As thou art beautifull, ſo vſe iuſtice, giue euery one his due: Honors to the gods, reuerence to thy father, faith to thy friend, and loue to Lentulus, and if it pleaſe thée to grace mee with the title to thy husband Lentulus: for I couet to like honeſtly, not to loue wantonly. I write (Terentia) as a ſouldier without eloquence, and as a louer, without flattery, if thou ſatiſfie my loue with thy fauours, I doubt not to ſeale vp thy content with thy fathers and friends agrée. If either thou art tyed to former loues, or miſlikeſt of mine, I will cloſe vp my ſorrowes with ſilence. Howſoeuer it ſhall pleaſe thée to returne anſwere: liue with content, and die with honour.

Terentias new intertained ſouldier
Publius Cornelius Lentulus.

If (gentlemen) I haue not tranſlated Lentulus letter *verbatim*, word for word, let me, in mine owne excuſe yelde theſe reaſons,

reasons, that neyther the familiar phrase of the Romans, can brooke our harsh cadence of sentences, nor durst I attempt to wrest Tullies eloquence to my rude and barbarous English: fearing, either to wrong so worthy an Orator, in displacing, or rather disgracing his phrase: or in too far presuming, purchase your frowne, which I haue euer in all dutie sought to auoyde. But howsoeuer my translation seemes wrested, I haue kept his. And so to Lentulus, who hearing Tullie read the epistle, both conceited the methode, and allowed of the manner: Onely carefull where to get a fit and conuenient messenger. Tully at last called to remembrance one Eutrapelus, an especiall friend of his, who frequented the house of Flaminius: by him did Lentulus send the Letter, and so liuing in hope of a happy aunswere, hee left Tully in his studie, and went to the Capitoll. Cicero no sooner was by himselfe, but calling to minde the description of Terentia, set out with such excellency by Lentulus in his new learned poetry, & weighing how all Rome wondred at her beauties, began to feele certaine sparkes of loue kindled in his young desires, which made him blush at his owne thoughts, and smile that fancie should lie lurking amongst his library, to take him at discouer. But as soone as he remembred, that Lentulus was in loue with her, the fayth to his friend, was a coling card to his affections, and he quenched those sparks at the first, least suffered, they may grow to a great flame: yet was hee mauger his head forced to say thus much.

Hast thou lined fortunate, and fauoured in Rome? hath honour raised thée from a meane cottage, to be a companion to the sonnes of Senators? Do the Consuls make thée for thy learning one of the Pretextati? and wilt thou for ỹ hope of foolish beautie, staine all thy fauours and fortunes with disgrace? May rather Tully, it will be honour to wooe the daughter of so famous a Romaine: but shame to thée, to take the repulse and be denied. Thinkest thou Terentia will looke so lowe? will Eagles catch at Flies? Will the wonder of our time, the paragon of our age, allied to the noblest houses in Rome, make choyce of so base and meane a person?

What

What hast thou to deserue her loue, any more then a little babling eloquence. Womens eares are not their touchstones, but their eies, they see and make choyse, not heare and fancie. A dram of honour weighes downe a pound of wit, and better it is to court with wealthy reuenewes, then with sweete lines, or fine coucht poemes. Thou hast nothing left but a poore farme called Cumanum, whose rents quites not ỹ charges of thy studies. But suppose thou couldest win Terentia, suffice thée is loued by Lentulus: and therfore from this day name her not in thy mouth, nor weare her in thy thoughts, least thou violate friendship, which thou oughtest to prize dearer then life. Thus Tully appeasing his passions went out of his studie, and willed Eutrapelus to deliuer the letter with secrecy: who béeing one of Tullies chiefe familiars, went with all spéede to the house of Flaminius, where finding the Ladie Terentia sitting with Flauia and Cornelia at worke, hee being *homo facetus*, began merily to commend their huswifery, and after some iestes broken betwixt the gentlewomen and him, he craueth to speake with Terentia about certaine serious affaires that greatly imported her father: Whereupon shée rising and going with Eutrapelus into her closet, he there deliuered vnto her Lentulus letter. Terentia abashed at the sight, blushed as halfe angry with Eutrapelus, that he made himselfe messenger of so baine a matter: yet considering it came from so honorable a personage as Lentulus, shée vouchsafed it, and willd Eutrapelus in the euening to come for answere. Hee was no sooner departed, but Terentia vnripped the seales, and then red the contents, which beeing contrarie to her resolution, shée determined to returne with a deniall. But for that shée would make her friends priuie to her new loues passions, she went smiling in, and shewed them the letter. Vpon poore Lentulus plainsong they all began to descant. Cornelia praysing Terentias fortunes that was so entyrely beloued of so honorable and braue a Gentleman, but Flauia hung the lip, and saying little, onely askt, what a louing answere shée would write. I know not how to reply quoth Terentia, hée hath written so eloquently, and so cunningly. But quoth Flauia,

I durſt paſſe my credit it was written by young Tullie, that braue Orator: For I haue read ſome of his Epiſtles, and tis both his Methode, and his very phraſe. That Tullie, quoth Terentia whom I haue heard my Father and the Senators ſo highly commend for his witte, thinking him to excéede either Craſſus, or Hortenſius: and with that ſitting downe, they began to enter into diſcourſe of Tullies excellencies, concluding all, that he was as ſingular amongſt the Romaines, as euer Demoſthenes was amongſt the Grecians. At laſt Terentia remembring her ſelfe, tooke leaue for a while of her two friendes, and ſtealing into her cloſet, ſtepping to the ſtandiſh, ſhée was about to write, but calling to minde ỹ diſcourſe of Tullies perfections, letting fall her pen, ſhée fell into a paſſion. Cupid waiting to ſpy this veſtall at aduantage, ſéeing her halfe at diſcouert, vnloſde a bolt, headede with Deſire, & feathered with Conceit, which piercing the tender breaſt of this young Damoſell, he made her ſhrinke at the blow, and ſo breath out this complaint.

Haſt thou (Terentia) béene wondred at in Rome, for deſpiſing loue, and wilt thou now (doting girle) ſtumble on deſire, ſhall fancie, eclips all thy former glories, ſhall Veſta léeſe a virgin, and Venus win a wanton? Wilt thou reſemble the buddes of an elder trée, which yong, are ſwéet and holſome, but blomde forth, are bitter and preiudiciall, thinke with thy ſelfe, that Dianaes ſhrubs are more pleaſant then Cupids bowers, the one harbours chaſt thoughts, the other amorous fancies. Truth, but Lucina is a goddeſſe, loue is diuine, and marriage honorable. Cedars are faire, but in yéelding no fruite they purchaſe the leſſe eſtéeme. To bée a virgin, is a glorious title, but to liue euer ſo, is to wrong nature in her fauours. Well, haſt thou not then (Terentia) a noble gentleman of Rome, Lord Lentulus to bee thy huſband, a man whoſe youth is filled with honours and whoſe ſpring time floriſheth with dignities? hath he not triumpht ouer the Parthians in conqueſt, and bound fortune to his temples with wreaths of victorie? Is not his parentage one of the greateſt families in Rome? Is he not for beautie like the faire Grecks paramour? For wiſdome likewiſe Vliſſes,

that

that Cyrces could not inchant? For courage Hector, and of such reuenewes as may maintain thée with the most gorgeous dames of Italie? But the chiefe of his graces is he not enamored of Terentia, and sues for her fauour? This I confesse, *Sed deteriora sequor*. Loue, ah that folish passion which we tearme loue, allowes nothing excellent, but what it likes. It shadowed beggarie in Crates. For Hypsycratea thought him rich, in that he was vertuous: deformitie in Vulcan, for Venus would not beléeue he had a poult foote. Loue hath no lacke, and lesse reason: yet must I loue, and whom, ah Tully, swéete Tully, frō whose mouth flowes melody more inchaunting then the Syrens, on whose lips the Muses make a new Parnassus, in whose thoughts rest Platoes diuine spirites, and in whose head is contained the subtill wit of Aristotle. Is not he as glorious in Rome for his eloquence, as thou for thy beauties? Doth not the Senatours wonder at his learning, as at thy perfection? Why should not then both our singularities be lincked in the vnion of Loue: why should not Terentia liue to Tullie, and Tullie to Terentia? Ah but he is base, the first of his kin that tasted of honour. I but he is vertuous, and famous for his eloquence, graces that counteruaile the meannesse of his parents. I sée loue hath reasons, béeing out of reason still to argue against reason, therfore without further *pro & contra* in mine own passions, I wil loue Tully, and therfore thus to Lentulus. With that taking vp her pen, shé wrote him this answere.

Terentia to Lentulus, health.

WHen I read (Lord Lentulus) thy letters, and thy loues, I blusht at mine owne thoughts and wondred at thy fortunes. I search not the cause of thy loue, for it sufficeth me thou doest loue, if it lay in me, either to grant thy desire, or satisfie thy passions. Thy reasons are sufficient to moue, were it not, my vowe and my destinies direct my minde to contrary thy affections. Thy honours (Lentulus) knockes at the closet of my heart, thy victories sue for their

Lords libertie, thy loyaltie enters pele mele wyth my thoughtes, and giueth a sore assault to my setled resolution, al these put in their pleas to purchase fauour for young Lentulus. But Vesta, hard harted Vesta, that makes her virgins pliant to her owne properties, commaunds that I shut mine eares against such alluring Syrens. I count my selfe greatly honoured with the loue of so worthy a Romane, and euer will Terentia couet to prooue as thankefull as hee affectionate, onely in loue pardon me, for that either I neuer meant to loue, or if I doe loue, my thoughtes were fired before Lentulus came from Parthia. Wade not there where the ford hath no footing, barke not with the Wolues of Syria against the Moone, looke not to climbe to Olimpus, way not at impossibilities, but pacifie that which patience, with thou canst not obtaine, with being passionate. If thou suest to my father, and he graunt to conclude a marriage, yet shalt thou want a bride: For I will first die before I violate my resolution. Seeke not then by my preiudice to aime at thy owne content, which be it euery way, yet it shall neuer be in my loue: not that I hate Lentulus, but that my fortunes forbids me to loue Lentulus. If thou thinkest these denials bee but words of course, and perswadest thy selfe that women wil be first coy, and then curteous, as the marble, that drops of raine doe pierce. Thou shalt deepely deceiue thy selfe, and highly wrong me, but I challenge thy promise, that howsoeuer I frustrate thy expectation, thou wilt bury thy conceite in silence. In which hope grieuing that thy showers came in Autumne, I wish quiet to thy thoughts, and an end to thy loues.

Thine euer but in loue,
Terentia.

TErentia hauing thus ended her letter and newe begunne her loues, the one directed to Lentulus, the other deuoted to Tully, shee went straight to her two friends, Cornelia and Flauia, shewing them the contents of the letter. Cornelia said she was too seuere & stoicall, in sending such a peremptorie

torie answere to so braue a gentleman. Flauia ouercharged with ioy, praising the resolution of Terentia, wishing that all maides were of her minde, misliking that which shee most loued, thinking by retreating Terentia from the chace, to be mistresse of the game her selfe. Well, this letter at last was sealed, and deliuered to Eutrapelus, who hying him fast to Tullies lodging, found Lentulus and him in secret, and serious discourse, and all god wote was about Terentia. Lentulus hauing receiued the letter, entring with Tully into his study, read the contents. No sooner had he viewed, and reviewed ouer her cruell determination, but in great extasie of minde, he cryed out (*Dulcior est mors quam Amor.*) And with that flinging out of his study, he fell into bitter and extream sorrowes. Tully greeuing at his friends hard fortune, sought with plausible perswasions to appease his furious melancholy, wishing him whatsoeuer Terentia wrote, still to thinke her a woman that would one while thrust out fancie with a finger, and straight intertaine loue as a friend: that either time or his constancie would make her stoope to the lure of his desires. Thus sought Tully to wrest him from his passions, but in vaine, for her resolution confirmde with such effectuall & perswasiue determinations, so quatted the conceit of his former hope, that going pasting melancholy to his bed, he fell into an extreame feuer, which aggrauated with the inward anguish of his mind, grew to be so dangerous, that Asclapo the Phisition, excellent at that time for his facultie, iudged the disease to be mortall. The Senators hearing of Lentulus sickenesse, sorrowed, as fearing Rome by death should bee depriued of such high ensuing hope: his friends flocked to his lodging to visit him, who noting the heate of the ague, and the passions of his minde, his sodaine starts, his gash lokes, and his abrupt answeres, iudged the extremitie of his sickenesse had halfe brought him to a lunacie, all seeking by counsell to cure that which neither counsel nor medicine could mitigate. Frustrate of their expectation, they wished his weale, and returned with griefe. Onely Tully, whose setled friendship no misfortune could remoue, still day and night, as a second Esculapius, waited vpon this

perplexed patient. But as the deapth of his passion pierced into the center of his heart, so the feuer increased, that generally, Rome began to sorrow, so braue a warriour should be cut off in the verie prime of his fortunes: insomuch that the report of his sicknes came to the eares of the three Ladies. Terentia made light account, as hauing her heart hardned with the loue of Cicero: but Flauia grew passing passionate, as being toucht at the quicke, with the weake disposition of Lentulus, wishing he might haue cure for his maladie, so it were not by the meanes of Terentia: shee frequented the temples, offred orizons, made vowes, and burnt incense to the Gods, that they would bee fauorable to her louer Lentulus, coueting (if possible it might be) with the preiudice of her selfe to haue profited him: but in vaine, Terentia was resolute, and he was resolued: as shee was daintie, so to dye in dispaire. Flauia, if her modestie might haue permitted, would haue accompanied with other Ladies gone to his lodging, but the rights of Vesta forbidding such familiar conuersing, she rather was restrained by force, then withheld by reason. But seeing shee could by no meanes come to his sight, yet to manifest the sinceritie of her loue, shee sent him a letter to this effect.

Flauia to Lentulus, health.

IF I could (Lord Lentulus) pourtray with outward actions, the secretie of my passions, or force as many teares from mine eyes, as there flie sighes from my hart: The anatomie of my thoughtes would discouer a disquiet mind, and the source of mine eyes a fountaine of bitter laments. But seeing that barrels, the fuller they bee, the lesse sounde they yeeld: and where the current is deepest, there the water is most still: and ỹ mind surcharged with extreames, hath least vtterance of griefe, I leaue you to suppose of my sorrowes which I cannot manifest. But know (Lord Lentulus,) that when the report of your sicknes came to the eares of your new intertained friends, Terentia sighed, as pitying with a common passion the ill of her countryman, but as one that

might

might not releeue, being intercepted with other loues. Cornelia chide, as holding your selfe in highest estéeme, alleaging reasons to her that admitted no reasons, but her owne loue which is without reason. My self sorrowed, as wishing desert should haue his due, where the honour of the man merits no lesse: we perswaded in vain, & in seeking to bring Terentia to the bay, we indeuoured to quench fire with swordes. Séeing then your thoughts leuell at a wrong marke, and that no sutes can diuert her from her frowarde conceipt: in careleſſe extreames, vse patiẽce, wrestle with loue, being wronged by loue: yeld not to the arrest of Cupids mace, but as hée is young, so hold him a boy. Cõsider, as Terentia is faire so she is cruell: and as she is full of fauour, so she is too too vnkind.

Flie not with Apollo after Daphnis: Diana hath more Nymphs as chaſt, and yet not so coy: vse loue (my Lentulus) as children do puppies, which while they are pliant and gentle, they cherish vp with crummes, but when they ware churlish, they beate away with stroakes. Thinke Rome is the mistrisse of the world, and hath many faire dames, if not of such excellencie as Terentia, yet are they more courteous, and no lesse vertuous. The curious Herbalists measure not the plants by their colours, but by their properties: the Lapidaries make estéeme of their stones, not by their outward hue, but by their secret vertues. Vse then the ancient custom of Esculapius, let lillies wither on the stalke, and weare violets in thy hand, the one faire and vnsauory, the other black, but of swéete verdure. Let these counsels (Lentulus) comfort thée, apply them not as outward plaisters, but as inwarde potions: which if they profit, none shall be more glad than Flauia. who wisheth (if shee might in this hard extreame) to discouer the honor of her thoughtes, and the resolution of a frĩd: if aught rests in me that may pleasure Lentulus, commaund it of Flauia, as one knowing Lentulus desires are wholy honorable. Thus praying thou mayest haue ease in thy passions, through end of thy loues, I will offer sacrifice for thy health, as she that feates her own preiudice, without thy recouery.

Thine, Flauia of Rome.

No sooner had Flauia ended her letter, but shée sealed it, and sent it away, and with as much spéede as might bée, it was conueied to Lentulus, who reading the superscription, and perceiuing it came from a woman, supposing it was sent from Terentia, started vp in his bed, and rent open the seales: when hée had read the contents, and saw it came from Flauia, noting the extremitie of her loue by the plaine discouery of her passions: he said to himselfe.

Vniust loue that settles thy thoughts in crossing with contraries. Some thou piercest with desire, other with disdain: infusing sundry effects in diuers affects, I couet Terentia, and shée is cruell: Flauia fauours thée, and thou are tyed to others loues. What rests in these extreames, but to curse fancie, that maketh such a confused Chaos of her follies. Oppose then reason against affection, & admit not of loues conclusions, vnlesse they bée approued principles. Thy thoughts are deuoted to Terentia, and shée onely vouchsafes thée the verdict of her eares. Thou art more honorable then shée, of richer reuenewes then hir dowrie can satisfie, hauing as many deserts, as shée hath beauties: and yet coy dame as shée is, shée twits thée with Vesta, when God wote Venus is the goddesse that heareth her orisons. If thou hast this insight into hir thoughts, why wrongst thou thy selfe with such careleste passions? If shée be so ramage, let her flie and séeke for a fancie that may proue more gentle: Let her glorie like Narcissus in hir beauties: Loue can chastice if it be but with selfe loue. Vse no phisicke Lentulus, but the consideration of this frowardnes. Let the drugs of Apollo serue for others, not for thée. Thrust out fancie by force, and setting Terentia at light estéeme, make choice of Flauia: though shée be not so beautiful, yet shée is second to her in graces, & farre beyond her in curtesies. Tie not thy selfe Lentulus so strictly to a womans face, beautie is but times flower, that as it is delicate, so it soone withereth: Like ý colours that Phydias drew in his pictures, which shewing most glorious to the eye, was yet blemisht with euery breath. Venus was faire and wanton: Helen the myracle of Greece, but aske Troy of her qualities. Ay but Terentia is as chast, as shée is beautifull.

So

So is Flauia to, and far more loning. Her birth is of higher discent, her wealth more, her vertues no lesse: but her loue such as may challenge thy affection for debt. Ah but Lentulus, yet Terentia her excellencie is more then can be shaken off with so slight reasons: and with that hee shrunke downe into his bed falling to his old complaints: yet did this Letter of Flauia somewhat comfort him, and he found it his best physicke. But leauing him in his bed, againe to Terentia, who felt the disquiet of her mind as restlesse. For the Senatours daily repayring to her Fathers house, had no other table talke but of the eloquence of Tully, some commending his wit, other his studie, some his vertues, but all his speciall gifts of nature, that they put oyle into the flame, and with these prayses so set on fire Terentiaes fancy, as nothing tumbled in her thoughts but the excellency of Cicero: being so impatient, as she sought by all means possible to come to his sight, and to frée her eye with that wherewith she had inchaunted her eares, finding no ready way to attaine the end of her desires, vntil loue, ỹ like Mercury is ful of shifts and subtlety, deuised this plot. Tully being borne in a little Village adioyning vnto Rome, called Arpinatum, vsed often to make his intercourse betwéene the towne and the cittie for his pleasure: Which Terentia hauing learned out, thought the fittest meanes to haue a sight of her Cicero. So that one day, to take the ayre, accompanied with her two friends, Flauia and Cornelia, hauing but a page to attende vpon them, she walked abroad into the fields. Passing thus in merry chatte towards Arpinatum, hauing some glaunces at ỹ sicknes of Lentulus, they had not walked aboue a mile before Flauia spied Tully comming frõ Arpinatum to Rome. Assoone as she had discried him, and for certaintie knew that it was he: ponder quoth she comes that odde man of Rome, that excellent Orator Marcus Tullius Cicero, so highly renowned through all our prouinces for his eloquence: nowe shall we heare from Lentulus, for they are the most familiar friends, and priuate companions in Rome. Terentia at this as one wakened out of a dreame, gaue a start, and casting vp her eye, espied the paramor of her thoughts, which droue

her into such an extasie, that surcharged with ouer much ioy, she felt an vnacquainted trembling in her ioynts. Weeing thus perplexed, Tully drawing nie, and seeing Terentia accompanied with her friend Flauia, gaue thanks to opportunitie, that shee had so highly fauored his friend Lentulus, as that he might now pleade for his safety. Tully thus incountering those three Romane damosels after a courteous Salue which made Terentia blush, he began thus to bord them.

This place (sweet Romanes) so aptly agreeing to the person, this valley resembling Idas, and Rome Troy, I cannot but bash with Paris at the sight of three such goddesses, whose deitie surpassed those the shepheard iudicially surueied with his eye: humbly therfore saluting you as Dianaes darlings and beauties wonder, seeing so small a traine for such excellent personages, although my affaires be serious and of importance, yet please it you vouchsafe of my seruice, I wil attend on your walkes, and conduct you to Rome. Terentia feeding her eyes on the sweet of Tullies face, and swilling down the nectar of his diuine eloquence, staining her cheeks with such a die, as did the faire Queene of Carthage courted by Æneas, she made him this answere.

How you make compare (Cicero) of this valley, with the plaines of Troy, as litle skild in Geography, or read in Homers Iliads, I leaue without reply. For the goddesses that Paris incountred, we are equall with thē in number, though far inferiour to them in beauty. For your seruice we accept it, and for your wages, you shall haue gracious lookes, and hartie thankes. Seeing therefore wee are merily minded, suppose your selfe to be the Shepheard, which of vs all shall be your Venus? Not you maddame quoth Tully aboue all the rest: and why so quoth Terentia? because quoth Tullie, the least flie hath his spleene, the smallest Ant her gall, no haire so little but hath his shaddowe, and no man so meane but he hath his enuie: Why then (quoth Terentia) I wil discard you from the office of Paris, as a man partiall. But I pray thee (Cicero) wherin should I offend thee hauing neuer seene thee before? In this, quoth he, that Lentulus hath seene you: with that she blusht, and Flauia and Cornelia fell into a great

great laughter that Tully had so roughly croſt her ouer the thumbs. Tully proſecuting his purpoſe went forward thus. Foreknow madam, that Lentulus the richeſt Trophée that Fortune ſets vp in the Theatre of honor, made ſhipwracke of his libertie for the report of your beautie, leauing the warres, and the great hope of his fortunes, to haue a ſight of Terentia, vnkind, not like Venus in curteſie, though in fauours, haue counterpoyſed his fancie with miſlike, and for the hony of his amorous thoughts haue poured him downe heapes of bitter and diſpleaſing gall. The crueltie of Creſſida neuer animated ſo the hardy Troilus, as the frowne of Terentia hath pierſt Lentulus, making ſo déepe a wound, as no phiſick can cure, only your ſweét ſelfe, whoſe reſolutions are ſo farre from the properties of your face, as it ſéemes the Gods wronged nature, in placing an adamant hart within a Chriſtall couerture. The Ladies hearing Tully ſo ſharp, bit the lyp, and Terentia grieued: angry ſhe could no be, as one that was ouer the ſhooes in affection, but thus ſhée cut him off.

I cannot iudge (Cicero) by your ſharp and peremptorie inuectiues, vpō ſo ſmal acquaintance, but you profeſſe your ſelfe a Cinicke. If your philoſophy be ſuch, I will brooke the blowes aſwell as Alexander, and thinke nothing ill that is ſpoken from Diogenes. Howſoeuer, or whatſoeuer Cinike, or ſtoicke, I argue thus againſt Lentulus, that vowes made to Veſta, are to be holden inuiolated, and reſolutions to liue a virgin are not to be broken with marriage. Cornelia & Flauia hearing them thus farre in by the eares, walked a little aſide, and left Tully to ſchoole Terentia: who maintained hir arguments thus. Suppoſe (Tully) it were not chaſt thoghts but new loues that forced me to this refuſall: haue not trées their ſtrings, and women their fancies & affections? If his Autumne ſhowers comming too late, cauſe not his crops to proue, whats that to me? Loue conſiſteth in vnitie, the hart hath but one ſtring, the heauen one ſunne, and the Iris one property, and women but one loue, and that I tell thée Tully, is placed on one that is as famous for his vertues, as Lentulus for his wealth and dignities. And what then ſhall

I giue, or he rightly challenge? Tully, although he cõceiued in his thoughts, that Terentia yelded great reason: yet hee would not giue ouer the chase so, but made this reply. Ah but madam, haue an insight into the depth of his affections, how he aimes not at your treasures, hoping to be inriched by your great dowry. For Lentulus is of the welthiest familie in Rome, but leuels at your vertues, the Syrens against whom he could not vse Vlisses pollicie. If affection be but a little pale, if loue haue but drawn one line in your thoughts with his Pensill, wrastle with fancie, blot out loues shadowes, and helpe Lentulus: who, if you remaine so cruell, shall be no more Lentulus. If he die for loue, how shall the streetes swarme with statues of his constancie? If you be knowne the chiefe Actor of the tragedie, how will the people murmure of your crueltie? Weigh this madame, I speake as a familiar of Lentulus, and no enemy of Terentias honor. If hee be a Romane that Terentia loues, let him eyther bee more honorable, more valiant, more affable, more excellent euery way then Lentulus, nay more louing then the poore gentleman, else discard him for a man insufficient to tast of Terentias beautie, or to be corriual with Lentulus in his loue. Terentia had yelded at this fierce assault, had not loue laid an instance before her of her resolution. For the more Tullie pleaded for his friend, the more was Terentia enamored: so that she made him this answere.

If I knew how to certifie Lentul⁹ of this daies discourse, he should highly reward you for playing so wel the Orator. But I maruell Cicero, that being young, and of such eloquence, we heare not of your loues: I feare you reach so hie, that you thinke no maide in Rome honourable enough for your paramour. Were I a man, and had Tullies grace, and his tongue, I would pleade for my selfe, and vse one worde for my friend, and two for my selfe. So Madam (quoth he) should men account me a faithlesse friende, and a flattering louer. But leauing these suppositions, madam, how answer you my last reason? With loue (quoth she) and that is without reason: for how might the Gentleman, to whom I find my selfe affectionate, thinke himselfe wronged, if without

cause

cause I should be inconstant. Grant I my loue to ẏ meanest cittizen, a monarch shal not make conquest of my thoughts. Suppose sir it were your selfe, and that Terentia loued Tullie, could you brooke another to braue you in your affection? I would Madam (quoth Tully) it were no supposition. And how then, quoth Terentia, if it were not? Then would I, (quoth he) become Esculapius to Lentulus, and sweare his disease should not be incurable, for I would coniure you, by the rites of Loue, by the sacred lawes of Venus, and by the affections that were imprinted in your thoughts, to bestow what you would impart vnto me, to my only ioy Lord Lentulus. But women cannot make loue voluntary. Tush madame, what cannot women doe for loue? Any thing quoth Terentia, but change loue. Therefore concealing the partie that I loue, I will say and sweare Tully is my loue, and so say to Lentulus. With this Terentia blusht, and for verie griefe that Tully would not sée into her thoughts, the teares stoode in her eyes: which Tully spying, it so prickt him to the hart, that it neuer after was rased out. To smooth therefore his rough method with a fewe fine filed phrases, he salued the matter thus. It is (madam) impossible to driue fire downeward, or to make heauie things to mount. Nature will not be wrongd, nor loue drawn out by constraint, therefore I will leaue any more at this time to sue for Lentulus: hoping the consideration of his martyrdome will at length make battery into the bulwarke of your breast, and whereas you will sweare Tully is your loue: you knowe (madame) we haue in our twelue tables a law against periurie, but if you vouch to grace mee that title, in all dutie I will rest your euer bounden seruaunt. Why then seruaunt quoth shee, let vs to yonder two Ladies, that for want of a cõpanion are faine to make an amorous knight of my page. Flauia seeing they were halfe agréed, fearing Tully by his eloquence had perswaded Terentia, waxed pale, and incountered them thus. What newes, quoth shée, doth Lentulus winne or loose? Neither Madame, quoth Tully, but his case hangs still in suspence, the next court day I wil end my oration, and then the Judge shall giue verdict.

As they were ready to haue gone forward in some pleasant prattle, they espied a horseman making towards them with the greatest spéede that might be. When he came with in ken, Tully knew it to be Lentulus man, and before he had leasure to do his message, he demanded how his master did: Passing sicke sir, quoth hee, and hath sent that you be with him presently. Tully who was toucht at the quicke with this news, put foote in the stirrope and mounted, yet as one forgetting himselfe, he vsed these wordes. Pardon Ladies, if I passe maners and promise, in leaping vp without leaue, and returning in such post without your company. It is for Lentulus, whom you all loue, and therefore I hope to rest blameless. Now madame Terentia, what shal I say to Lentulus? No more, quoth she, then what I said to Tully: but how concludes Tully of his last premises? that, quoth hee, Terentia shall frame the argument, and so, with this dark Ænigma, he toke his leaue of the Ladies: who after his departure, fel in talke of his perfection. Terentia so dépely praysing the man, that her companions easily perceiued her loues, and smyled, that in forsaking a flower, shee light vpon a weede. Well, tracing still amongst the medowes, they chanced into a valley most curiously decked with Floraes delicates, in which were such varietie of flowers, ỳ Nature sémed there to haue planted the storehouse of her prodigalitie. Adioyning to this vally, was a pleasant riuer & a groue, that gaue a grace to Cloris excellency: delighted with the situation of this place, as they passed along, they met a shepheard, who doing reuerence to the dames: Terentia demaunded of this swaine, what the name of this pleasant place was. Madame (quoth he) we shepheards here call it, the vale of Loue. And why so, quoth Cornelia? Although Madame, quoth hee, my flocke hath no guide but my dogge, and now in the yeaning time the Wolues are very busie, yet, for that I sée you are Senators daughters, and withall, passing curteous, I will shew the reason, and with that, leaning on his staffe, the Ladies sitting downe, began thus.

The Shepheards tale.

Not

Tullies Loue.

NOt many yéeres since, here in Arpinatum dwelt a shepheard called Phillis, so famous for her beauty, that the Senators sonnes (which you call *Prætextati*) not only came to féede theyr eyes with her fauours, but to satisfie their fancies with her loues: insomuch, that she was courted of many braue Romane gentlemen. But she that held Loue at the staffes end, although her parents had left her rich, yet to banish Cupid with labor, she vouchsaft to be kéeper of her own flocks, fearing the pride of her beautie (if shee should marry with one of Rome) would prooue an enemie to her humble thoughts: Liuing as chaft as she was inrolled for a vestall, and quoted by Diana for one of her special followers, her excellencie was bruited through all Italie. But she, who feared to gaze at starres, for stumbling at stones, laid her thoughts low, and made choice of her company with country maids, and homely shepheards: yet was her attire rich, as diuerse that trauelled this way, toke her rather for a Nymph, the follower of some goddesse, then a mayde, and daughter of a poore swaine. While thus shée liued Lady of the field, there was in the same billage one Coridon, son to a simple shepheard, who was a mercenary man, kept shéepe for Varinus the Sedator ỹ hath a farme hard by. This Coridon was a man of perfect perfection, his haire hung in tresses, and his face was beautiful: wise hee was, and wanted but wealth, to make him the chiefe of all the shepheards, being of equall yéeres almost with Phillis, some two yéeres elder, hee fell extremely in loue with Phillis. Enamored was poore Coridon, and pensiue, by his flock sate ruminating of his passions, he smothred his loue in silence, for that he was the meanest of the swaines, and she mistris of us all. He sate & sighed, & had none but eccho to pitty his plaints: his flock left their foode to sée their maisters sorrow: his pipe ceast, the foldes were ner more partakers of his melody, and all these thoughtes and cares for Phillis. She wily, and spying this wanton dally in the flame, loked narrowly into the perfection of the man whom shee found woorthy of loue, if his Parents had not béene to meane, and his wealth none at all, suppressing

this

this loue with lack, and quenching the fire with the defects thée found in Coridon. But Cupid that could not brooke such exceptions, pittying the passions of the poore Shepheard, pulled foorth an inuenomed boult, and pierst Phillis so dèepe, that Coridon began to be maister of her thoughts: Now thée praisd his beautie, his behauiour, his wit, his gestures, so that nothing was amis in Coridon. If hee piped, Apollo was not like her Pan, if he sung, his voice was with out compare, if hee told tales, they were excellent, if hee put forth riddles, they were wittie. Coridon was the shepheard that Phillis did fancie, & no flocks might graze by hers, but those of Coridon. This (mistris) can Loue do, who though he be choicely honoured in Rome, yet hee findes some idle time to dallie amongst shepheards. Well, at last Coridon spyed Phillis lookes, and got some hope of fauour: first hee courted with his eyes, and after natures lawe fell to prattle, with interchange of glaunces, after from lookes to woordes, which after their homely fashion was very faithfully perfoormed with sighes & teares, such perswasions as shepheards vse. Long had they not woed, but Phillis was willing, and she was wonne, that after fayth and troth, as soone as the shepheards could come together, a feast was made, we kept holiday, and they were married: and because the Louers made this place the Concealer of their passions, the shepheards, for perpetuall memory of Phillis and Coridon, call this the vale of Loue, and in praise thereof, wee Country shepheards made an Ode, which if it please you to stay, I will rehearse. The Ladies pausing willing, thus the shepheard gan report.

The Sheepheards Ode.

WAlking in a valley greene,
Spred with *Flora* summer queene:
VVhere shee heaping all her graces,
Niggard seemd in other places.
Spring it was, and heere did spring,
All that Nature forth can bring:

Groues

Groues of pleaſant trees there grow,
Which fruit and ſhadow could beſtow:
Thick leaued boughes ſmall birds couer,
Till ſweete notes themſelues diſcouer:
Tunes for number ſeemd confounded,
Whilſt their mixtures muſicke founded,
Greeing well, yet not agreed,
That one the other ſhould exceede.
A ſweete ſtreame here ſilent glides:
VVhoſe cleare water no fiſh hides.
Slow it runs, which well bewraid,
The pleaſant ſhore the current ſtaid:
In this ſtreame a rocke was planted,
VVhere no art nor nature wanted.
Each thing ſo did other grace,
As all places may giue place.
Onely this the place of pleaſure,
VVhere is heaped natures treaſure.
Here mine eyes with woonder ſtaid,
Eyes amaſd, and mind afraid:
Rauiſht with what was beheld,
From departing were withheld.
Muſing then with ſound aduiſe,
On this earthly paradiſe:
Sitting by the riuer ſide,
Louely *Phillis* was deſcride:
Gold her haire, bright her eyen,
Like to *Phœbus* in his ſhine:
VVhite her brow, her face was faire,
Amber breath perfumde the aire.
Roſe and Lilly both did ſeeke,
To ſhew their glories on her cheeke.
Loue did neſtle in her lookes,
Baiting there his ſharpeſt hookes.
Such a *Phillis* ne're was ſeene,
More beautifull then Loues Queene.
Doubt it was whoſe greater grace,
Phillis beautie, or the place.

Her coat was of ſcarlet red,
All in pleates, a mantle ſpread,
Fringd with gold: a wreath of bowes,
To checke the Sun from her browes.
In her hand a ſheepheards hooke,
In her face *Dianaes* looke.
Her ſheepe graſed on the plaines,
Shee had ſtolne from the ſwaines:
Vnder a coole ſilent ſhade,
By the ſtreames ſhee garlands made.
Thus ſat *Phillis* all alone,
Miſſt ſhee was by *Coridon*:
Chiefeſt ſwaine of all the reſt,
Louely *Phillis* lik't him beſt.
His face was like *Phœbus* loue,
His necke white as Venus Doue:
A ruddie cheeke filld with ſmiles,
Such Loue hath when he beguiles.
His lookes browne, his eyes were gray.
Like *Titan* in a Summer day.
A ruſſet Iacket, ſleeues red,
A blew bonnet on his head:
A cloak of gray fenc'd the raine,
Thus tyred was this louely ſwaine:
A ſhepheards hooke, his dog tide,
Bag and bottle by his ſide:
Such was *Paris* ſhepheards fay,
VVhen with *Oenone* he did play.
From his flocke ſtraid *Coridon*,
Spying *Phillis* all alone:
By the ſtreame he *Phillis* ſpide,
Brauer then was Floraes pride:
Downe the valley gan he tracke,
Stole behind his true-loues backe.
The ſunne ſhone and ſhadow made,
Phillis roſe, and was afraid.
VVhen ſhee ſaw her louer there,
Smile ſhee did, and left her feare.

Cupid that diſdaine doth loth,
VVith deſire ſtrake them both.
The ſwaine did woe, ſhee was niſe,
Following faſhion, nayde him twiſe:
Much a doo hee kiſt her then,
Maidens bluſh when they kiſſe men:
So did *Phillis* at that ſtowre,
Her face was like the roſe flowre.
Laſt they greed, for loue would ſo,
Faith and troth they would no mo.
For ſhepheards euer held it ſin,
To falſe the loue they liued in.
The ſwaine gaue a girdle red,
Shee ſet garlands on his head.
Gifres were giuen, they kiſſe againe,
Both did ſmile, for both were faine:
Thus was loue mongſt ſhepheards ſold,
VVhen fancy knew not what was gold:
They wooed, & vowd, & that they keepe,
And goe contented to their ſheep.

The end of the Shepheards Ode.

AS ſoone as the ſhepheard repeated his Ode, Terentia delighted with the deſcription of the paſſionall loue, for that it touched her paſſions, gaue him heartie thankes, and ſo the ſwaine toke his leaue and departed. Terentia and the reſt hereupon growing into the effects of Loue that kéepes no proportion of perſons, wandred on talking towards the groue. And for that the ſunne grew hote, and was riſen to the higheſt Zenith of the heauens, ſéeking for ſhelter, they went into the groue, which was ſeated hard by the pleaſant current: finding out there a place conuenient, theſe three Ladies ſit them down vpon the graſſe, were delighted with the melodie of the birdes, and the coolneſſe of the ſhade, they fell a ſleepe. Then liued in Rome, Varinus the Senatour, which was one of the moſt wealthy in poſſeſſion of any that had bæne Conſull in the Cittie, fauoured

euery way by fortune, had hee not béene thwarted by one gréeuous & dolefull misfortune. For this Vatinius amongst many children had his eldest sonne, as first in byrth, so brauest in proportion, of such exquisite lineaments, touching the outward shape, as nature seemd to haue bene curious in her workmanship: but otherwise he was so foolish, and of so clownish capacity, that there was no hope of his future conceit: his name was after his father Vatinius. But for because, neither by the diligence of any maister, nor the flattery of his friends, correction, or any other industrie, hée could be made capable of learning, or ciuilitie, bûng fashions and wordes from a harshe and grosse voyce, resembling rather a bruite beast, then a reasonable creature, he was in derision called of euery man, Fabius the Fole. Vatinius gréeuing that the Gods had offred him this wrong, for that the presence of Fabius was the continuall source of his sorrowes, hee commaunded that he should goe to his Farme, and there liue amongest his shéepheards. This was no little content to Fabius, as one that delighted more in the nature of Clownes, and Bondslaues, then in the courtly behauiour of libertines, and Gentlemen. Fabius thus béeing in the Country, applying himselfe to all principles of husbandrie, one day amongst the rest, walked forth, with a great bat on his neck, to ouer-sée his Fathers pastures: at last, for that the Sunne was hie and shone hote, hee went into the groue, then al ouer-clad with leaues, for it was farre spring, and séeing a place wherein at pleasure to rest himselfe, hée stumbled (by Fortune) on the fount where Terentia lay a sléepe, who whē Fabius espied, being clad in a roab of Bisse, so thin, as the whitenesse of her skinne did appeare, hauing her two companions by her side, hée began as one amazed to behold. Leaning therefore on his great bat, without bttring one word, hée stood in great admiration what shée should be, as though hée had neuer séene so braue a creature before. Now entring into his rusticall, and blant vnderstanding, (where neuer before could be ingrauen any impression of honest ciuilitie,) a thought of fancie, which made him confesse, in his grosse and martiall spirites, that this

maide

maide was the fayrest thing that euer could bée censured by sight. In this humor hee beganne to deskant of her seuerall beauties, praysing, her haire to bee of gold, her forehead of Iuory, her lips Corall, and aboue all, her two breasts, which then began to appeare like prettie tender buds, in such simple sort to distinguishing of her fauours, that from a grosse Clowne, hée became to bée a Iudge of Beautie: especially coueting to sée her eyes, which heauie slépe had shut vp, determining often to haue waked her, to haue contented himselfe with their sights. But séeing her more faire then any creature that before he had séene, hee thought her to bée some Goddesse. Hauing thus farre knowledge, that things diuine should be reuerenced more then humaine, and therefore durst not attempt to wake her, but (although shée had a sound and long slépe) toke such pleasure in contemplating her perfections, that he would by no delay depart. At last, after a long space, Terentia awaked before any of the rest, lifting vp her drowsie eyes, shée saw before her, Fabius leaning vppon his staffe, whereof béeing halfe amazed, shée asked of him. Fabius, what séekest thou heere in this groue? Fabius, who as well by his countenance, as clemencie, and for the nobilitie of his house, as the riches of his Father, was generally knowne of all the Romaines, made no answere to Terentia, but séeing hir eyes open, he began to loke stedfastly vpon them, féeling a pleasing content to issue from those Lampes which sparkle as the very flame of Loue: insomuch, that Terentia séeing him gaze so earnestly, fearing the sturdie clowne might offer her some violence, wakened vp her companions, and starting vp said, Fabius farewell. And although Terentia refused, as béeing surprised with great féare of his rusticall disposition: yet he would not forsake her till hée had brought her to her Fathers house, where bluntly leauing the Ladie, hee went home to his Fathers, saying hée would not returne any more into the Country. Although it gréeued his Father to haue his sorrow continually before his eyes, yet wondring what the occasion of this strange motion should meane, hée was content to let him remaine at home in the Citie. Loues arrowes thus piercing

into the heart of Fabius, whereinto neuer before any ciuill thought could enter, made such a metamorphosis of his minde, that not onely his father and friends, but all Rome began to wonder at his sodaine alteration: for hee requyred to be apparelled as the sonne of a Senator, which his father with all diligence performed. Then frequenting the most courteous and honest yong Gentlemen of the Cittie, especially such as were amorous: hee (to the great astonishing of all) not only learned his letters, but became very studious, and grew to haue deepe insight into Philosophy, to be skilful in Musicke, to ride a Horse, and to be expert in all gentle and manlike actiuitie: to conclude, in short space, he was one of the brauest yong men in Rome.

Here by the way (courteous Ladies and braue gentlewomen) what shall I say of the transformation of Fabius? onely in my opinion this: That the high vertues of the heauens infused into his noble brest were imprisoned by the enuious wrath of fortune within some narrow, corner of his heart, whose bands went asunder by loue, as a Lord to mighty for fortune. Cupid the raiser vp of sleepy thoghts dispersed those vertues into euery part of his minde, obscured before with the eclipse of base thoughts. Let vs then thinke of loue, as of the most purest passion that is inserted into the hart of man. Well, leaving Fabius studious how to excell in all laudable vertues, again to Tully, who arriued in post hast to the lodging of Lentulus, and found him passing sicke, yet somewhat comforted at the sight of Cicero, as of him that he held most deere in the world. Tully seeing him ill and-ful of passions, durst not tell him that he had seene Terentia, least her froward answere should augmēt his misery, concealing therefore his chat that hee had with the Ladies. at last Lentulus shewd him ỹ letter of Flauia: whereupon they fel to discourse of her beauties and vertues, how she was not much inferior to Terentia in fauour, but farre beyond her in honours, discoursing so long from point to point, that after a volp of broken sighes tempered with some teares befell a sleepe. Tully glad that he toke a nappe, stole softly out of the Chamber, & beeing by himselfe, calling to minde the wordes of Terentia,

began

began to enter into this combate with himselfe.

So plaine are the aspects of the fore appointing starres in some mens nativity, as they force fortune maugre her owne variable nature to be constant. Amongst all that haue bene borne in the poore village of Arpinatum, thou maist (Tully) say, that thy planets haue bene pleasing, and thy desires favourable, who the sonne of a poore farmour, art in hope to make thy house equall with the most in Rome. Measure but thy honour, and Iudge of thy fortunes: thy family base, yet art thou a companion with Senators, and men of graue'st account in the Cittie. Honour treads on thy héele, and dignitie daunceth attendance at thy lookes: but loue, Cicero, that deitie, that diuine essence that sealeth vp content in all estates, he stoopeth at thy frowne, presents thée wreathes of mirtle, that thou maist enter into Paphos without checke. Terentia the wonder of Rome, Natures Paragon, the refined beautie of the heauens, she that séemeth to glaunce of the Prætextati: shee that makes no account of the miracle of our time, Lord Lentulus: she Cicero commaunded by loue, yéelds her selfe captiue to the sonne of a poore countrey villager in Arpinatum. When Tully strew Venus temple with roses say there is no fount but Alcidalion, no hill but Erecinus, no bird but the Doue, no god but Cupid. Lose not opportunitie, take her by the forehead, let not slip occasion, for she glides away like a shadow: nor Loue, for she hangs at the hæles of Time. Now Terentia hath put the yron in the fire, strike then while it is hote, pay her downe poundes of loue for drams of fancie: for, in matching with the daughter of a Senator, thinke, it presageth thou shalt be a Senator: so shalt thou gaine, at one time, honor, dignitie, wealth, and beauty: but with that, lose thy faith Tully, thy faith thou hast vowed to Lentulus, who shutteth vp his secrets in thy heart, and resteth his thoughts on thy bosome. Wilt thou prefer honor before thy friend, or wealth before conscience. Ah Tully, if thou be the man that Rome wondreth at for thy eloquence, be also the man they shal canonize for thy vertues Beauty is but a bauins blaze, wealth is but a fickle fauour of Fortune, dignitie is haunted by enuy: but friendshippe

that is the prætious treasure, that neyther Time nor Fortune can violate. Why but Terentia will neuer loue Lentulus, then Tully, hate thou euer Terentia. I am a man and subiect vnto loue, aswell as Lentulus: So art thou a man, and being halfe to thy friend art vnworthy all loue. Abandon (Tully) these vaine imaginations, count Terentia foule, deformed, vitious, and what not: as long as one sparke of loue lieth raked vp in the cynders of thy thoughts: as long as Lentulus loues her, hate her for thy selfe, and loue her for Lentulus. Setting downe his rest at this period, hée went into the chamber, to sée if Lentulus were awake, but finding him still fast a slépe, he went towards the Capitoll, where he met with Flaminius the father of Terentia, who demaunded verie heartily how Lentulus did. Cicero with a dépe sigh said, pasling sicke. Whereof (quoth Flaminius) growes the disease? I heard Asclapo iudged his sicknes to bee mortall. Tully thinking to set all on the dice, not respecting his owne soule, but his faith to his friend, began thus. Graue Senator, I néede not rehearse Lentulus byrth, as being a cittizen, nor his reuenewes and possessions long knowne to euery man, nor his honours ended in victories: for the Parthians are sufficient euidence of his well discharged dignities and vallors. Lentulus graced in the prime of his youth with these fauors, hearing of ỳ beautie of a Romaine Lady, left the warres, and came to Rome, where courting his Mistresse, not with wanton poems, but with tearmes of mariage, he found her froward, and his loue dasht in the prime. The impression of her beautie grauen with too dépe a character, was too fast rooted in his heart, to be thrust out with deniall: yet Lentulus to content her, plaies like the Phenix, burnes in his owne perfumes, rather wishing to die, then to contrarie her resolution. This is the cause that first brought Lentulus to his bed, and this (ere long) will bring him to his graue. And who may it be (quoth Flaminius,) of what family, of what beauty, of what degrée, that can, or dare deny Lord Lentulus? Is he not mighty, and may commaund by force, what he cannot obtaine by intreatie: will not the souldiers at his beck rise in armes? Feare not the consuls themselues

ſelues ſo wrong Lentulus? Doth not all Rome hang their thoughts at his lookes? Ah miſerable father that harbours ſuch a daughter and ſtubborne huſwife, that denies ſo braue a Romane. In friendſhip Tully, tel me who it is? Cicero willing to put a ſpur to a free horſe, and to loſe his owne content to win his friends quiet, told him flatly it was his daughter Terentia: and for proofe, he ſhewed him the letters that paſt betwixt Lentulus and her. Aſſoone as her father had read the contents, as a man halfe mad he fel into furious and frantick tearmes, exclaming againſt the head-ſtrong humour of ſwilth Terentia. After hee had breathed out the heat of his choller, hee fell to be ſomewhat appeaſed, and bade Tullie home to ſupper, promiſing all ſhould ſort according vnto Lentulus minde. With that departing from the Capitoll, Tully and he went home to his houſe, where the Cooke being ſomewhat ſlacke, Flaminius hearing his daughter was al alone in a garden, he wiſhed Tully to try her once againe, and to perſwade her by all poſſible meanes to grant to the requeſt of Lentulus. Vpon this Tully went into the garden, where finding Terentia ſitting ſolitary in an arbour vp to the hard eares in a dumpe, hee wakened her out of her muſe thus. Veſtas chiefe paragon, and Venus new intertained darling, you madame Terentia I meane that ſit in a muſe: are you offring orizons to Diana for your chaſtity, or thanks to Cupid for your loues: or what are you thinking on when you thinke on nothing? Terentia turning her head and ſeeing Tully all alone, bluſht more then Cynthia did when ſhe wantond with her faire faced ſhepheard, yet welcoming her loue with a ſmile, ſhe tooke him by the hand and made him this anſwere.

Your ſubtile ſalutation, concluding Veſta & Venus in one dilemma, commaunds me anſwer, that I was doing my deuotion to both, offring prayers for my old thoghts, & thinkes for my new loues: and ſcarce had I ſayde, gramercy to the goddeſſe, but you muſt come (Cicero) to make my thankes prodigious: for my thinking, when I thought of nothing, it was of mens loues which are lighter then the flame, & ſooner faded thē a flaſh of lightning: But I pray you ſay, what

wind hath driuen you into this coaſt? Marry (Madame) the very ſighes that fly from Lentulus breaſt greiue to ſo great a ſtorm, that I was blowne hither to ſeeke ſhelter for the tempeſt. You haue nothing (quoth Terentia) but Lẽtulus in your mouth: I pray you ſay, how fares the gentleman? Ill madame (quoth Tully) euery way, for his diet is bad, in that his ſtomake is nought, and his health is doubtfull, in that his thoughts are diſquiet: and (madame) it reſts in you to ſaue ſo honourable a gentleman, not only from ſickneſs but from ſorrow: Æneas was a ſtragling Troian, and exile periured and baniſht euen from the ruines of Troy, yet Dido the famous Carthage Queene made him her paramour. Demophoon a pirate, a robber in Greece, caſt vp as ſhipwracke on the ſhore, yet entertained by Phillis. Phao a ferriman, a ſlaue, yet fauoured by Sapho. Lentulus, the hope of the Romanes, more beautifull then Æneas, more courageous then Demophoon, and more honourable then Phao, more louing then them all, reiected by Terentia, his neighbor and familiar. Thinke not Terentia but loue as he hath roſes, ſo he hath nettles, as hee hath perfumes, ſo hath hemlocke, and holding fauor, he claſpeth reuenge, as ready to pierce, as to pacifie. If you procure Lentulus death, Cupid hath power to inforce your diſpaire, & to cauſe your loue to be as fickle to you, as you are froward to him. Then (madame) let me be the meſſenger of life, and from your ſweet ſelfe cary ſuch cõſerues to Lentulus, as may recouer his health, and increaſe your honours. This diſcourſe of Tully did but ſet Terentias heart more on fire. For hearing the pleaſant harmonie of her Cicero, ſhe liked of the muſicke, as of the Syrens melodie, and ſo intangled her ſelfe with many new conceiued fancies, inſomuch that forgetting whoſe daughter ſhee was, ſhee burſt forth into theſe tearmes.

Did I not Cicero tell thee twixt Arpinatum & Rome, that loue hath but one cel, wherein to place the Idæa of the party loued? wilt thou haue me like the Camelion, to haue many colours, or like Helena, to intertaine many loues? I knowe Lentulus dignities are beyond my degree, that his honours are more then my fortunes, that his loue is great, and ſo I

hold

hold him the second in my most secret, though first he cannot be, and that hée craues. Thou dost wring water out of the flint, fire forth of the dry sands, and immodestly from her that hath euer béene honoured for chastitie: so that by wastlesse perswasions for thy friend, I am forst to say thou art the friend that Terentia hath chosen amongst all the worthy Romans: Before I saw thée Tully, I loued thée, and nowe I haue setled my affection, and thou wrongest me with discurtesie: but eyther cease from intreating for Lentulus, or looke to sée me worse then Lentulus. And with this blushing at her owne ouermuch loues, thee poured forth such aboundance of teares, as well might bewray the sinceritie of her affections. Tully grieuing to sée the goddesse of his thoughts in this passion, answered her mildly, thus. Blame mee not (Terentia) if I pleade for Lentulus, séeing his sorow, and entring into mine owne promise. Than friendship, is no swéeter iewell, then howe can I but labour ere I lose so rich a prize? But séeing Terentia hath vouchsafed of so meane a man as Tully, whose honours onely hangs in his studies: loue being the strictest league of amitie, and no such friendship, as is mariage: I vowe by the Romane Gods, euer to be a dutifull seruaunt vnto Terentia: and with my loyaltie so to requite her fauours, as Rome shall more admire my affections, then they haue wondred at my eloquence: yet with this Prouiso (my swéet Terentia) that although I preferre thy fauours before mine owne life, yet if thou canst, striue to loue Lentulus, which if either ỹ Gods, loue, fortune, or thy selfe can bring to passe, I will with mine owne preiudice, conquer mine owne thoughts to satisfie the content of Lentulus. As Terentia was readie to reply, one of her fathers seruaunts came to request Cicero to come to supper, who taking his leaue of Terentia, went into her father Flaminius, who sitting downe to supper, passed away the time in ordinary talke. Their repast being taken, Flaminius calling Tully on the one side, demaunded what his daughters answere was? Peremptory (quoth Tully) still to hold Lentulus in mislike. Then you shall heare (quoth her Father) what I will say, and so report to Lentulus: so calling for

Terentia, they thꝛée being together, he began thus.

I know not how Terentia, to insinuate my *Exordiũ*, whether friendly to perſwade with a ſmile, oꝛ fatherly to admonish with a frowne, thy follies are ſo great, and my care ſo tender. Rome hath hetherto admyꝛed thy vertues, and I haue pꝛaiſed thy obedience: thou haſt bẽne counted honourable and chaſte, wiſe to eſchew wantonnes, but neuer coy to be thought diſdaineful: and ſhal now all theſe graces end in diſgrace? Then Terentia maieſt thou repent heereafter, and I poure foꝛth pꝛeſent ſoꝛrowes. I ſpeake thus, foꝛ that I heare in the Citty what maketh me to grieue, & may foꝛce thée to bluſh. They ſay Terentia is beautiful, & pꝛoud, witty, and ouerweẽning, hauing coy diſdaine crept into the place of curteous deſire: thus men ſay ỹ enuy thy follies, and grieue at Lentulus foꝛtunes. Now daughter, thou ſeeſt the mark I aime at, & maiſt iudge of my ſhot by the leuell: Lentulus is fallen into a feuer, which Aſclapo that famous Phiſition of Parras cenſures to be moꝛtall. Thy fꝛowardnes was the efficient of the diſeaſe, & now ỹ denieſt cure of the malady. Unaduiſed girle, ỹ neither weigheſt of thine owne honours, noꝛ his miſeries. Lentulus requires Terentia in mariage: let vs make compare of the parties, & ſo examine the cauſe of thy denials. He is deſcended frõ the Lentuli & Æmilij, two houſes that euer haue bin the pꝛops of ỹ Romane dignities, his honours are great, as Pꝛoconſull in his youth againſt the Parthians: his foꝛtunes mighty, doubled with his conqueſts and victoꝛies: His reuenewes ſuch as he may with Craſſus maintaine Legions. If like Venus darling thou ſeeketh to feed thine eye, his fauour is moꝛe then his that pleaſed Cynthia. If thou coueteſt a ſouldier, Lentulus in Rome, is as Hector was in Troy. If a courtier, who bꝛaues it ſo in Italy? To conclude, if Terentia couet to loue, there is none ſo fit to loue within the Romane Empire as Lentulus. Whereas Terentia is but ỹ daughter of a meane Senatoꝛ, her dowrie cannot be much, foꝛ that her fathers wealth is not great: Beautiful ſhe is, & ſo are many in Rome, whõ are of meaner parentage. Her gloꝛies are but foꝛtunes pelfe, ỹ floꝛiſh in the moꝛning, & fade befoꝛe night. What then can mooue

Terentia.

Terentia to oppose herselfe against Lentulus: vnlesse she fatally presageth her own discredit, & the ruine of her Fathers house? If then daughter ÿ art child to Flaminius, I charge thée by the strict law of nature, which Philosophers call *Regius amor*, a kingly loue: if ÿ be a maid, by ÿ holy fiers of Vesta: if beautiful, by Venus deity: if a Romane, by thy countries loue ÿ loue Lentulus: which if thou refuse to performe, thy father shal curse thée, Vesta shall shut thée frō her Temples, Venus from her fauours, & thy country from inioying the swéet content of honour, and then make thée outcast of all her Romane virgins. More are my reasons to alleage, then thy reasons able to contrarie: but omitting all, & saying hée is onely Lentulus: Daughter, what answere?

Terentia séeing her Father in such a choller, and that hée was induced vnto it by Ciceroes perswasions, in a fury began thus frantike. I deny not, but fathers challenge loue by nature, and obedience by dutie, and both those sir (I hope) I haue euer performed: if not, I rest sorrowfull, and craue pardon: but in loue parents haue no priuiledge: For the liking of the Father is no contract of the daughter. Venus conclusions grow not of parents promises, nor can affection bs like the fire stroken forth of a flint: for loue is chosen by the eye, and confirmed by the hart, womens thoughts are not the spoyles of Mars, nor is the battell of fancie fought with the sword, but with the sences, and loues arrowes are appointed by fate and fortune. Weigh then Terentia, who hath not her loues in hand, but in her hart, and therevnto none can make breath, but such a one as the pleasing constellation of the starres haue appointed. I doe not deny the excellencie of Lentulus, as well in exterior shew of honors, wealth, dignities, & proportion, as in the interior vertues & perfections of the mind, and that he merits a Lady of farre more estéeme then Terentia: but I know not what contrarie aspect, either of the planets in our natiuities, or of loues in our thoughts, or of fortune in our resolution to like, hath crossed his desire, and my fancie, but of all the Romaine Gentlemen, I cannot fancie my Lord Lentulus. Cressida confest Troylus was the better knight, and yet the Greeke

held her louely in his tent. Sith then affection growes from desire, and desire is tyed to destiny, seeke not Sir to wring water out of the pumer, to couple the Mouse and the Elephant at one stall, to vnite those loues that Venus in her synode house hath expresslie countercheckt. For to aunswere your obiection, Terentia cannot force hir selfe to loue Lentulus. Shee thus concluding with a fewe teares, her Father departing from her with a frowne, tolde Tully that not reason was sufficient to induce his daughter to be affectionate and therefore ỳ he wished Lentulus to appease his passions, and to salue such impossibilities with patience: whereupon they, after change of salutations & common curtesies, parted with a friendly farewell. Tully at his home comming, reuealed vnto Lentulus the whole discourse, howe Flaminius had searcht into the depth of Terentias thoughts, both with plausible perswasions, and inforced reasons, and could find no other conclusion, but that shee could not loue Lentulus. Although this newes pierced the verie center of his heart, as mortally, as if hee had beene wounded with the sting of Aspes: yet cheering himselfe a little, hee sat vp, and in his owne minde hauing about or two with fancy, hee gaue hir so deepe a renie, that hee held affect at the swort s point. But Tully, who betweene friendship and loue felt a furious combat, allured with the beauteous perfection of Terentia, & forbidden that fauour by the entyre amitie he had vowed vnto Lentulus, entred into so deepe a melancholy, that not able to maister his passions, hee fell sicke, and kept his bed. Lentulus seeing his Tully thus distrest, grieued at his friends misfortune, and cheered vp himselfe, that he might somwhat comfort his Cicero, that newly was crossed with a distempered sicknes. He sought by phisicke to search out the nature of the disease: but Asclapo could not deeme the cause by the effects: he sought by intreaties to wrest out the occasion of so sodaine a sorrow, but in vaine. Tully was too secrete and silent to make any shew of his loues, though he bought such secresie with death. This grieued Lentulus, who feeling himselfe euery day to amend, perceiued that Cicero daily waxed worse and worse. Lingring thus in inward passions,

Terentia

Terentia that toke it discurteously at Tullies hand, that hée should force hir Father, to inforce hir to loue Lentulus, saying thée had onely deuoted her selfe as his, howsoeuer fortune should oppose her selfe. To ease hir mind of some choller that boyled in her secret thoughts, thée toke pen and inke, and wrote him a letter to this effect.

Terentia, to Marcus Tullius
Cicero, health.

AS my thoughts are secret and loues extreame, so is vnkindnes bitter, and the more vneasie borne. Thou playest (Tullie) with me, as doe the Leopards with their keeper, that euer wrong them most, that giue them greatest store of fodder. Are these Venus lawes to pay honny with gall, to make rods of nettles, for garlands of Roses, to hate them most, that loue most? The ingratitude of Tully hath drawne Terentia into this choller. And if I write sharpely, blame me not, that I am vsed so shrowdly. Before I euer saw thy face, I allowed thy fauour, and onely hearing thy vertues with mine eare, I registred them vp deeply in my hart. Terentia hath béene courted of many, yet neuer made account of any: Sundry haue sought my loues, but they haue returned with losse, Lentulus the terrour of the Parthians, the honour of the Romanes, and thy friend hath long wood, but what hath he won? onely Tully hath obtained, that which so many haue mist, and yet he deales with Terentia as crabbedly, as she vsed him courteously. Do louers for fishes proffer scorpions? or do they like the serpent, sting him that cherisheth him vp in his bosome? I séeke to fauour Tully, and he importunate, sues for fauour for Lentulus. Art thou so deepe a philosopher, as to déeme friendship aboue marriage, or faith aboue fancy, or thy Terentia, lesse then thy Lentulus? If it be so, take heed that Terentia, too much wronged, scornes not both thée and Lentulus. Womens thoughts consists oft in extreames, and they that loue most, if abused, hate most deadly: feare this, and beware of my frowne: as yet there is but one wrinckle in my browe, but if it once prone full of angry sorrowes,

it will be too late to take hold of occasion behind: Thou art forewarnd, before forearmd, and so farewell.

Thy Terentia, if thou wrong
not Terentia.

AFter shée had written this Letter, shée ceuld it to bée conueiued by Eutrapelus to Tully, who reading the contents, found not a salue to cure his malady, but that Terentia rubbed the scar afresh, by shaking him vp so sharply, yet coueting rather to die with an honorable mind to Lentulus, then with a discredit to enioy beautifull Terentia, he laid his head on his pillowe, and with many sighes bewaid the depth of his sorrowes. Hauing layd his letter at his beds head, ouercharged with many cares, poore Tully fel aslépe, and so sodainly, that Lentulus by the helpe of Eutrapelus got to haue a sight of his letter. Assone as the Gentleman saw how déeply Terentia was affected to his friend, and perceiued by the circumstances, that he chose rather to die, then to falsifie his faith, such a secret loue towards Tully so pierced the closet of his honorable thoughts, that hee fell to conceipt but meanly of Terentia, and to wish that his friend Cicero might both recouer his health, and his loue. Now began the fancy of Lentulus to fréeze, that erst was so great a flame, and he, that like the Salamander delighted to liue in the fire, began to feare to *accidere ad ignem*, least he should *Calescere plus quàm satis*. Now he called to minde the resolution of Terentia, tempered with frowardnesse, and with this hée did proportion the vertues of Flauia, mixed with courtesie, finding the fauour of the one, answerable to the beautie of the other, then the faith of his friend, his sicknes and extreame sorrowes. These weighed with déep consideration, he vowd to séeke by all meanes how to win Terentia wholy for his friend Cicero. In this humor he conuaide this letter vnder his beds head, and rested silent till occasion might offer him opportunitie to discouer the perfection of his amitie. Thus grew Lentulus at one time frō his sicknes & his loue, walkin abroad, and visiting Flaminius, who intertained him in

all

all sumptuous manner. But Lentulus seeing the three Ladies, made no shewe to Terentia, nor scarce glanced a looke vpon her beautie, but only courted the Ladie Flauia, whom he found so agreeable and pliant to his suites, that Terentia and Cornelia might easily see howe deeply they were linked in the league of affection. Leauing Tully thus sicke on his bed, & Lentulus in sweet content with Flauia. Againe to our new transformed Fabius, who in this time proued one of the bravest gentlemen in Rome, and finding a restlesse passion in his minde for the beautie of Terentia, as hauing continually before his eyes the Idæa of her person, seeing by her meanes hee was metamorphosed and brought to this perfection, making the force of his loue priuie to his father Vatinius, hee was not onely praysed for his good choice, but willed to go forward in the obtayning of his affections. Whervpon, not willing to make a long harueſt of a small crop, to preuent (as he thought) that none should cut the grasse from vnder his feete, he went to Terentiaes Father, and bluntly craued his daughter in mariage. He knowing him to be of honorable parentage, and of rich reuenewes, seeing shee would not condiscend vnto Lentulus, gaue him his franke good will, if he could creepe into his daughters fauour, who taking the aduantage of the time, went to find out Terentia, who as then was very melancholy, sitting with Flauia and Cornelia, talking of ỹ sicknes of Tully. As they were thus in chat, came in Fabius, who they streight knew, & wondred at his strange alteration: he, to shew he could as well court it as the bravest young Gentleman in Rome, began thus curteously to salute the Ladies. Maruell not (Ladies) if a countrie swaine presume to attempt ỹ presence of such rare excellencies, seeing Oenones shepheard durst with his eye survey the beauty of diuine goddesses, and they to shew they were as gracious and full of fauours, gaue him the greatest minion that was counted the sweetest paragon of the world. Earthly creatures you be, faire Romanes, but heauenly faces, whose lookes lighten diuine influence into ỹ thoughts of such as dare to contemplate your affections. I speak this, as being the man, that from the cart, liue in the court thus

metamorphosed by your supernaturall beauties. For which fauor I am come in duty to rest a bounden votarie to your sweet selues. Terentia was so pensiue for Tullies passions, that shee would make no answere. But Cornelia, whom already Cupid had set on fire with Fabius feature, shee returned him this reply.

I remember Fabius, that sitting in the grone by Arpinatum, a gentle swaine much like your selfe in proportion, though not in properties, seeing we were slenderly guarded with a Page, conducted vs home to Rome with his friendly companie: if it be your selfe, had we as braue a Lady as Helena was, & were she in our power to bestow, we would make you maister and sole possessor of her beauties, so to reward your courtesie. Fabius seeing ỹ mark so faire, thought not to lose his shote, but aimde his leuel thus.

And for that cause (Ladies) is Fabius come, that his mind may not want his merite, glad that Venus dewes downe such fauours, and opportunitie such showers of good fortunes to finde you all heere in so fit a time. For know (honorable Romans) that for my grosse and rude nature, hauing the ciuill behauiour of the Cittie, I was surnamed Fabius: in which obscure life, I liued, hauing my senses eclipsed with folly, till the gods grudging at natures spight, sent you three to be ministers of happinesse. For comming into the grone where you lay all asleepe, casting mine eye on the beautie of Terentia, such a deepe impression was figured in my minde, that I felt an vnacquainted motion, with a mild reuerence to thinke well of her perfection: surueying her singuler beauties, I fell so farre in loue with her excellencie, that from the country I came to the Citty, and how since by her gratious sight I haue metamorphosed my selfe, your own eares, and the wonder of Rome is best able to witnesse. Then Ladies, I count the renewing of my life to come from the feature of Terentia, and that she, not as Diana, changed me frō a man to be a beast, but contrary, full of fauour, hath reduced mee from a sensuall beast, to a perfect reasonable man. How deeply then I ought to be bowed to her, whose sight is the welspring of my happines, let the greatnes of my benefit make manifest:

manifeſt: in ſo much, as feeding my thoughts with the contemplation of Terentiaes beauty, I haue bin thus tranſformed, but withall, ſo ſurpriſed with her loue, that as I haue gaind a ſecond eſſence by her ſweet ſelfe, ſo I haue loſt my ſelfe within the Laberinth of her lookes, that I remaine her captiue while it pleaſeth her to grant me libertie. Be then (braue Roman dames) impartiall doomers of my ſute, whether my deſerts craue not loue, that thus haue bẽn changed for her loue. My parents are Senators, my reuenewes inferiour to none: old Vatinus glad of my choiſe, and Terentias father thriſe happy if his daughter might like of Vatinus. Now reſts it onely in Terentias power to make me bleſſed, or infortunate. At this diſcourſe of Fabius, the Ladies were aſtonished, and Terentia galled to the quicke with this demaunde helde her tongue, till Cornelia and Flauia, looking earneſtly vpon her, aſked her what anſwer ſhe made to Fabius. Such queth ſhe as I returned to Lentulus: for knowe ſir, if either the honour of a ſouldier, the dignity of a Roman, the reuenewes of a Senators ſon, or the deepe impreſſion of fancie might haue drawne Terentia to loue, I had bẽne ere this the wife & paramour of Lentulus. But not the courage of Hector that won Andromache, nor the wiſedom of Vliſſes that intangled Calipſo, nor the beautie of Priamus ſonne that drew Greece in armes to Troy: theſe perfections if cõbined in one man, ſhould not moue Terentia to liſten to the allurements of Venus: not ỳ I make light eſtẽme of Lentulus, or that I holde ſmall account of Fabius, as two chiefe myrrors of our Romane Gentlemen: but that eyther my vowes are reſolued to Veſta, or if Cupid hath taken me by the hẽle, it was before Lentulus came from Parthia, or you frõ Arpinatum: ſo that to conclude, howſoeuer it is, I cannot become affectionate to Fabius. At this reply Fabius ſtood ſo amazed, as if he had bẽn an vnwelcome gueſt at the feaſt of Perſeus, which Cornelia noting, deeply in loue with Fabius, ſhe told him thus. Nor may you (Fabius) think much at this repulſe, ſith Lentulus and you are in one predicament, now both became gainers in libertie, that haue bẽne loſers in loue: and either get the willow garland and ſo mourne for

your Ladies frowne, or seeke a mistresse that may shew you more fauour: For as for Terentia, shee hath chosen, & none must please her but Orators. If there be (Fabius) but one sun that his thought the beauty of heauen, yet there be planets, that though not in shine, yet in influence are as vertuous. What? there be Ladies (I meane) of such course die as my selfe and Flauia, that when Terentia is once maried, looke for husbands. Fabius hearing Cornelia thus pleasant, noted this quip, ỳ none must please her but Orators, which made Terentia bluch for anger, and Fabius to make this answer: I know no Orators in Rome quoth he, whose peres are aunswerable to Terentiaes thoughts but onely Marcus Tullius Cicero, and if it be he, I sweare by the fitch ỳ gaue him his firname, Terentia shall be mistrisse of a goodly Cottage in Arpinatum. Terentia hearing Fabius to giue Tully the frumpe, answered thus.

The more his fortune, if it be he whose vertues hath made him maister of his own desires, for his lands in Arpinatum, as they be little, yet shall his lacke be counteruaild with his loues: and if he hath not one to inrich him with dowry, yet I may perhaps content him with beauty. And therefore Fabius, to take away all suppositions, it is Tully, and none but Tully that shall inioy Terentia. And quoth Fabius in great choller, nor Tully, nor none besides Tully, but Fabius shall inioy Terentia. Whereupon departing without taking his farewell, going in to her father, & discoursing vnto him, that Tully was ỳ man that his daughter had chosen for her husband, sweating that his sword, ere it were long should end their loues. Although Flaminius were grieued, yet he sought to pacifie Fabius, but in vaine: for he flung out of the doores in a rage, and went to Miloes house to seeke Tully. Where breathing out many despightfull threats against the Orator, it came at last to Lentulus eare. Who now to make manifest the deepe affection hee bare to Cicero, trouping himselfe with a crue of the *Prætextati*, and chiefe Romane Gentlemen that had beene souldiers, and trained vp with him in the warres, hee went to seeke out Fabius, and found him with certaine his companions about the Capitol. Lentulus

tulus not brooking the braue of any, as carrying the hart of a Conquerer, singled out Fabius, and after some wordes, they fell to blowes: But Fabius part were the weaker, so that many were wounded, and some slaine. Vpon this, the next day, parts were taken, the people began to mutiny, and to fall to intestine and ciuils iarres: that as in time of Sylla and Marius, so the stréetes were filled with armed Souldiers. The Senators séeing what bloudie stratagems would insue of this strife, if it were not pacified, sent for the Consuls, and charged them to raise vp some of the Legions, and bring Lentulus, Tully, and Fabius the next day to the Senate house, with Terentia, and her Father. They obeying their commaund, put this charge in execution, and so qualifying somewhat the fury of the people, brought these three wooers with Terentia, before the whole state of Rome. Where beeing arriued, Tully fearefull of nature, and sick, yet somewhat strengthned with the sight of his Mistresse, being glad Lentulus was his friend in his loues, after due reuerence, began thus.

Tullies Oration to the Senate.

COnscript Fathers, and graue Senators of Rome, I was borne in Arpinatum, of base parentage, the first of the Ciceroes that euer pleaded in Rostris, or bare title in the citie. If then aduanced by your honors to these fortunes, I should aspire without proportion to climbe beyond my degrée, let mee be the first and last, whose presumption shall grow to this preiudice. The temple of Ianus in Rome hath his gates shut, the stréetes are full of armed men, the stones of the Capitoll blusheth at the bloud of Romanes shedde against her walles: and all this mutinie (cry mine aduersaries) growes from Tully. Not that Tully was then out of his bed, but that men of poore families, lifted vp to honour, are soneest bitten with enuy. I appeale (graue Senatours) for my life to your owne censures, if euer I haue not béene more carefull to profit my Country, then desirous of preferment for my labours. But what then say the people is cause

of such broyles? Terentia the Daughter of Flaminius, the firebrand that set Troy to cinders. Beauty is like to bring Rome to confusion: For the greatest houses and families are deuided, the Lentuli and Vatinij, and this for Terentia. Let the cause be examined before the Senators, and as they heare so let thē dome: Lentulus chosen by the Senate, was sent Captaine ouer many Legions against the Parthians, where hee tyed fortune to his thoughts, by his great victories and conquests set vp Trophées of Romane chiualrie. Returning with glory to Rome, hauing set in his place Lepidus, hée was enamoured, not onely of the beautie, but vertues of Terentia, the fame of whose excellencie was spred amongst the Parthians. Coueting to match with so honorable a Lady, he courted her, but in vaine: not that she disdained Lentulus, but that shee had fired her fancie before shee saw Lentulus: and ỳ platforme of loue is able to receiue but one impression. If honors, if conquest, if parentage, if reuenues, if corage, if gods of fortune, body, or mind, might haue won Terentia, all this was vnited in young Lentulus. But loue that liketh without exceptions, had ouerhard her hart with her former fancies, as the passionate sute of Lentulus could ... no entrance. His thoughts were extreame, and the dis... of his minde brought a disease to his body. But when he knew that Terentia loued his friend, he appeased his passions, and rested content with his fortunes. The vnconstant goddesse, whose smiles are ouershadowed with frownes, not content honor should spring vp without enuy, sends Terentia to walke abroad towards Arpinatum, where when Fabius liued, as famous for his rusticke and vnciuill life, as now he is wondred at for his braue and courtly behauiour. Spying Terentia, he was, as Lentulus, fixed in her beautie, that the Romans, to report a miracle said, loue made him of a clowne a braue and resolute gentleman. The excellencie of Terentia hauing new polished nature in Fabius, hee sues for her fauour, but her thoughts that were forepointed with other passions, intreates him to bridle affection, and to make a conquest of himselfe by subduing the force of fancie, seeing her resolution was directed to loue none but one,

and

and that was Tully. This word (graue Senators and Romans) sounding basely in the eares of Fabius, caused him to take armes, and Lentulus to defend his friend Cicero, as for him, before he had lost his loue, so he meant to lose his life, and withstood him in the face. Thus grew this mutiny, not against beauty, for it is a chiefe god of it selfe, nor against Tully, for hee is meane and unworthy to be reuenged by armes, but against Terentia, because she vouchsafed to loue Tully. This (Romans) is the cause of this mutiny, to suppresse which, let Tully die, for hee had rather pacifie this strife by death, then sée the meanest Roman fall on ỹ sword. The common people at this beganne to murmure, pleased with the plausible Oration of Tully, which one of the Senators séeing, stood vppe and said thus. Terentia, Cicero hath shewed reasons why thou shouldest loue Lentulus and Fabius, but what reason canst ỹ inferre to loue so meane a man as Tully? Terentia blushing, made this answere. Before so honourable an audience, as these graue Senators, & worthy Romane Cittizens, womens reasons would séeme no reasons, especially in loue, which is without reason: therefore I onely yéeld this reason, I loue Cicero, not able to ratifie my affection with any strong reason, because loue is not circumscript within reasons limits: but if it please the Senate to pacifie the mutiny, let Terentia leaue to liue, because she cannot leaue to loue, and onely to loue Cicero. At this she wept, and stained her face with such a pleasing vermilion die, that ỹ people shouted, none but Cicero. Whereupon before the Senate, Tully & Terentia were betrothed, Lentulus and Fabius made friends, and the one named Lentulus, as the Annales made mention, married to Flauia, and Fabius wedded to the worthy Cornelia.

FINIS.